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## Duke White:

OR,

THE GREEN RANGER OF THE SCIOTO.

BY CHARLES E. LA SALLE,  
AUTHOR OF "BURT BUNKER, THE TRAPPER."

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE STRUGGLE IN THE DARK.

It was a slight rustling which caused the ranger to turn, and even in that fearful moment a grim exultation passed through him, at the consciousness that his matchless sense of hearing had served him so well.

But there was little time for exultation or any thing else. Fortunately for Duke, he was in the shadow, while his antagonist was where the faint moonlight fell upon him.

The latter had paused, as if to make certain of his aim. The scout stood as motionless as a statue, but, as may be supposed, with his eyes fixed upon the up-raised arm.

The Shawanoe slowly drew his hand back, his gaze centered on the shadowy outlines of the body in front of him. Suddenly the tomahawk left his hand, hurled with prodigious force straight at the skull of the hunter.

The latter dropped to a stooping position with lightning-like quickness, and felt the wind of the weapon as it whizzed over his head and shattered the trunk of a sapling a few feet away.

"Dog of a Shawanoe!" muttered Duke, as with knife clutched in his hand, he leaped toward his foe.

But, the hatchet had scarcely left the hand of the latter, when he knew that something was "amiss," and he, too, drew his knife, prepared to follow up instantly his unsuccessful attack.

The personal encounter that now followed was remarkable for two things; its cool, calculating action, as though each had not his life at stake, and its freedom from any outcry or noise.

Both were the enemies of the Wyandots—so near at hand. Each expected to come out of this combat alive and well, and then to take advantage of the same Wyandots; consequently it was an object with each to avoid betraying his own presence. This was why neither used his gun at the beginning of the fight, and why the single exclamation made by the scout were the only words spoken during the encounter.

In silence and darkness, the two shadowy figures struggled, like grim, relentless phantoms from the Stygian regions.

The Shawanoe was a wiry, muscular Indian, of great strength and activity. He had measured arms with his enemies before, and he had yet to meet the man whom he could not conquer.

He received the charge of Duke White with an ugly sweep of his knife, which missed going to the heart of the hunter by the minutest point of time. At the same instant, he dodged, with great skill, the well-directed blow at his own breast, and the combatants retired a few feet, and scowled at each other, perfectly unharmed.

The brief passage at arms injured to the advantage of both. Each had "felt" his antagonist, and had gained a wholesome idea of his prowess. Consequently from this point, both used greater caution in his attack and fighting.

Duke, of course, had advanced to the opening, where the moonlight shone on both, and he now began circling around his foe, like the cautious pugilist in search of an "opening."

Compelled thus to stand on the defensive, the Shawanoe watched him like a lynx, sensible that the slightest advantage on either side would be likely to turn the scales irreparably that way.

The scout made several feints, none of which took the red-skin off the guard, and which only

convinced both that they had approached the most difficult task of their lives.

This feinting and sparring continued several minutes, when Duke made another rush, aiming his knife straight at the breast of his foe, and at the same time guarding his own vulnerable points.

Singularly enough the result was precisely as before. Duke's knife missed its mark so narrowly that it abraded the bare skin of the red-skin's shoulder, while he felt the keen point of the latter's weapon graze his own chest.

A little more skill, or a little more want of skill upon the part of each, and the result in both cases would have been fatal.

How long this curious fight would have lasted, and what would have been its result, it is difficult to guess, had not an interruption of an entirely unexpected nature occurred at this juncture, and effectually ended the contest on the spot, almost in the twinkling of an eye.

The interruption came in the shape of a vol-

Pausing, therefore, only long enough to get an idea of the points of danger, the scout started again, running very swiftly, but with more caution, in the hope of speedily throwing his pursuers off his track altogether.

To accomplish this more effectually, he gradually turned to the left, so that it may be said he was traveling on the circumference of a great circle. If he could succeed in carrying out his purpose, there was no doubt but that he would speedily put himself beyond all danger.

But the woodman had committed an oversight, which was certainly remarkable in one so skillful and shrewd as he. He had forgotten that only a short time before, he had crossed the Scioto river, which, winding in its course, could hardly avoid interposing across his track.

He was speeding forward in this manner, swerving more and more to the left, when he suddenly caught sight of three Indians, who seemed to rise from the ground directly before him.

walk" rather too hurriedly to take time to pick it up; consequently, unless the pursuing Wyandots had picked it up, it still lay a goodly distance from him, in the small clearing in the forest.

The ranger had swum and drifted in this manner for a short distance, when a suppressed exclamation or two made him aware that the Wyandots were searching for him.

"Search as long as you've a mind," he muttered, "and when you put yer paws on to the top-knot of Duke White—ist let him know—that's all."

None of the red-skins followed him into the water. Perhaps they suspected his identity, and there was none of them daring enough to wish to engage him in that element; but they were passing up and down the bank, looking everywhere and keenly for their prey.

The Wyandots, however, made a miscalculation in regard to the speed with which the fugitive descended the stream, so that it happened that he kept considerably in advance of them all the time.

By and by he deemed it safe to crawl out. He did so very stealthily, but had scarcely done so, when the snapping of a twig announced that one Indian at least was very near him.

Duke drew his knife. "Dat you, eh?" came a squeaky voice the next instant.

"Oh, Pee Wit, I am glad to see you!" replied the scout, as he shoved his weapon back again to its place. "It's you, is it?"

"Me, too," replied the Green Ranger. "Jewhilikins! if this ain't the blamest piece of business I ever got in. You've been in almost as much danger as I was, but it's all right now, Duke; Pee Wit has got your rifle—found it somewhere. So don't be skeart or feel bad any more, for I'm going to stick by you now, and will take the best of care of you, seein' as you probably will need it."

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE FOREST BEAUTY.

It is now about time that the reader learned something regarding the female, who, it may be truly said, was the cause of all this trouble.

Lizzie Rushton was a forest-beauty, with the bluest eyes, the darkest rippling hair, the most winsome smile, the rosiest cheeks, the most musical voice, and the most petite form that it is possible to imagine. She was the daughter of the widow Rushton, who dwelt near one of the frontier settlements, where the two had lived for the past five years, during one of which the grim old Captain Rushton had lived with them, when he was quietly placed in the ground, ever since which time they had dwelt alone.

Although the distance between their home and the block-house and the settlement was so slight, yet it was too great to make their dwelling a safe one. Especially at this time, when the bitterest feeling existed between the settlers and the Indians, who were hovering constantly about them, it was extremely perilous to live beyond the shelter of the strong, frowning block-house.

Mrs. Rushton had been repeatedly warned of the danger to herself and daughter thus threatened, and more than once, when the dark, gloomy night was closing around her, did she feel a misgiving, as she reflected how strong was the invitation that she gave to the prowling Indians to make their assault upon her.

But she was loth to make the change, and so she deferred it from time to time, until the prudent saw that it was not likely she would ever change her residence at all.

So handsome, so amiable a girl as Lizzie Rushton could not be without her admirers, and indeed it may be said that none "named her but to praise." There were two individuals, however, whose admiration took the deeper form of love; they were Elijah Lamb, who has already been partially introduced to the reader, and George Chapman, now heard of for the first time.



"JEWHLIKINS! WHERE'S MY HAT? I MUST GO HOME."

ley of bullets, which fairly riddled the Shawanoe, and he fell to the ground without a spark of life. Duke heard the whiz of the missiles, and several grazed his person, yet providentially he was not injured.

But he knew what it all meant, and if he had held any doubts they were instantly scattered by the ringing whoops which accompanied the crack of the guns. By some means or other the Wyandots had discovered the presence of the combatants, and concluding to "put in their oar," had done it with a vengeance.

A moment's delay would have been fatal. The ranger was enabled to tell on the instant that his foes had not surrounded him, and the side from which the assault came; therefore he turned and sped away with all the speed at his command.

Through the undergrowth he bounded, crashing and fearing like a wounded deer, not taking time to look behind him, noways sorry at the manner in which his dangerous foe had been disposed of, and none the less anxious at the knowledge that he had a pack of the whooping demons on his heels.

Duke White was possessed of extraordinary fleetness, and he rapidly drew away from his pursuers. Not, however, until he had gone several hundred yards did he hold up and endeavor to gain some idea of his precise location.

It required but a few minutes for him to learn that he was astray, and that the Wyandots were still in hot pursuit. They had stopped their screeches and yells; but he could hear them coming, in numbers fully half a dozen, and with a celerity that made it any thing but safe for him to loiter.

This of course necessitated another change, and the fugitive turned sharply to the right, putting himself once more to the top of his speed, while the pursuers immediately did the same.

He had not yet proceeded far enough to notice any perceptible gain or loss of ground upon his part, when a familiar rushing sound struck upon his ear, and the next instant he found himself on the bank of the Scioto, at a point, too, where the surface of the water was fully a dozen feet below him!

It was too late to turn back: there was only one course left him to pursue, and that was to jump into the river.

Jump he did.

Down, down he went until he had descended fully twenty feet, when his moccasins lightly touched the bottom, and he came to the surface again; but during the brief interval he was beneath the surface, he knew enough to swim toward shore, so that when he opened his mouth for air he was hid by the overhanging shrubbery and undergrowth.

Even here his feet failed to reach the bottom, and the current bore him swiftly downward. He allowed himself to go unresistingly with it, for nothing was more likely than that his foes would look for him near the spot where he had disappeared.

He floated not unresistingly only, but swam as swiftly as possible, so as to get as far away from the dangerous place as possible. He had no weapon with him except his knife, which he had thrust into his girdle while running. At the moment of engaging in the hand-to-hand tussle with the Shawanoe he had thrown his gun upon the ground, and he had "taken a



Chapman was a young man, belonging to a good family, and he had been a lieutenant in St. Clair's expedition against the red-skins, and a valuable captain under mad Anthony Wayne, when he thundered among the combined Indian tribes, and scattered them like the autumn leaves before the tornado.

His father was the first settler of the place, and was known to be quite wealthy. George had once entertained thoughts of going further east, where he thought there was better opportunity for him to make his way in the world; but as his parents were growing quite feeble, with the advancing years, he cheerfully consented to remain with them to take care of their property, and to cheer their declining days.

Very naturally he came in contact with Lizzie Rushton, and very naturally he loved her. He became a frequent visitor at the widow's, until the general prophecy was that a wedding was sure to follow.

And there were none who did not pronounce it one of the very best that could possibly take place. Both young, handsome and talented, why should not the future wear roseate hues to them?

Lizzie admired and loved the young captain, as he was called, and so matters progressed until at last she consented to name the day when their fortunes should be united for life.

But there was one ripple that came across the sea—so slight indeed that neither called it more than the merest ripple.

It came in the form of Elijah Lamb, the Yankee, who professed the most ardent admiration for Lizzie Rushton, and who vowed and pledged himself that she would wed him and no one else. He had the most unbounded confidence in his good looks and "taking" manner, and had declared more than once that he had never yet met the girl whom he could not conquer.

As it happened, he came from the same section of the country as did Captain Rushton, and they came in company five years before the opening of our story, so Elijah had the advantage of a longer acquaintance, and he did not fail to improve it to the utmost.

He was without any relatives of any kind in the settlement, but he was possessed of considerable means, and thus gained abundant opportunity to loaf and press his suit with the fair Lizzie.

Both George Chapman and Lizzie Rushton had not a little mirthfulness in their nature, and both were cruel enough to use the Yankee for their own amusement. He was treated kindly by the latter, while the former acted as though he were extremely jealous of him. He even went so far as to offer Elijah five dollars to withdraw his suit, and allow him free course. The offer of course was indignantly rejected, and the young man became confirmed in the belief that another was added to his long list of conquests, and that he had only to speak the word to cause the beautiful Lizzie Rushton to fall, like the ripe apple, into his lap.

This course of our hero and heroine redounded to their own annoyance, for Lamb was so confident that he became a positive nuisance, and it was a difficult matter for them to gain the opportunities for those sweet little *tele-a-tele*s so dear to young lovers.

Elijah seemed to be everywhere. One afternoon, when they were sitting in the wood beneath a large oak, a limb suddenly broke overhead, and the persevering lover fell upon the head of the astounded Chapman; he turned up at the most unexpected moments and places, and called at the widow's at all times of day.

He had already proposed something like a dozen times to Lizzie, and she, in self-defense, had refused him as peremptorily as she knew how; but it availed nothing. He would take no refusal, and was as assiduous in his attentions as ever.

Thus matters stood, until one autumn day a runner brought word to the settlement that there was imminent danger of a small settlement a dozen miles up the river being devastated by a large war-party of Wyandots, who were exasperated at a personal difference that had taken place between one of their warriors and one of the settlers. The whole party had taken up the matter in behalf of their brave, and gave the settlers to understand that unless the offending white was turned over to their mercy, they would burn every building and massacre every inhabitant.

The pioneers were in no condition to make a successful defense against the overwhelming force of savages, but, of course, there was no thought entertained for an instant of yielding to the demand of the Wyandots. All that remained for them to do was to evade the matter and gain time, until they could procure assistance from their friends down the river.

So they resorted to the following stratagem.

Word was sent to the Wyandots that the offender whom they demanded had concealed himself somewhere, and that it would take considerable time to find him. It was now late in the afternoon, and they asked, therefore, that they might be given until morning to make their search, by which time they promised that their demand should be complied with.

This request may have had an odd look to the leaders of the Wyandots, but, after some consultation they acquiesced, and promised to refrain from any attack until daylight, by which time, if their prey was not in their hands, the whole settlement should pay the penalty of one of their number knocking down an Indian, who persisted in stealing his rifle from him.

The settlers had now gained all they could expect, and their only hope remained in pressing their advantage to the utmost. They managed to send off one of their number, who got beyond the Wyandots undiscovered, and then never ceased running until he reached the lower settlement with his appeal for help.

A common danger makes a common brotherhood, and his cry was responded to immediately. Every able-bodied man in the settlement that could be spared gathered together, and were placed under the command of Captain Chapman, and in one hour from the time of the arrival of the runner, he was returning with forty veteran woodmen, all ready and willing to

risk their lives in the defense of the endangered settlers.

But those who went did not forget those who were left behind. All that they held dear on earth were there, and no inducement could cause any to leave them defenseless.

So the garrison of the block-house was made strong enough to resist any attack, and sentinels were stationed so as to give the alarm in time for the different families to fly to it for protection. It was not impossible (although rather improbable) that if the Wyandots found themselves checkmated at the upper settlement, and understood the cause, they would attack the lower one by way of revenge.

So great was the haste, that Chapman had no time to bid Lizzie Rushton good-by. He could only send his parting word, and receive the promise from several that they would go out and bring in Lizzie and her mother to the block-house, there to remain until his return.

Lije Lamb did not go with the party of relief. He was invited to do so, and he averred that he was anxious to be one of the party to go to the defense of the endangered ones, but just then he was taken with his old trouble—cramp in the stomach—which so unfitted him, that he should be compelled to deprive himself of that pleasure.

So the Yankee staid at home. The little band of settlers marched in silence through the dark wood. There was no drum or fife to cheer them, but they threaded their way like so many shadows along the Scioto, their lips compressed, and a stern resolve in each heart to do the utmost to defend their firesides from the new and appalling danger that was hanging over them.

It was something beyond midnight when Chapman and his men reached the vicinity of the settlement. After a short consultation it was decided to forestall matters, and instead of waiting for the Wyandots to attack them, to attack the Wyandots, especially as it would be impossible for the forty men to make their way into the settlement undiscovered.

The assault was made in true woodman style, and the astonished Indians were scattered like chaff, while fully a dozen were left dead upon the ground, and ere it was daylight, Chapman and his band marched into the settlement, where, as it may be supposed, they were received with the greatest joy and thanksgiving.

As it was deemed not unlikely that the Wyandots would return, Chapman concluded to remain for two or three days with most of his men, while he allowed the others to go to their homes, there to remain, until, should they be needed, they would be sent for.

And it was during these few hours that a thrilling occurrence took place down the river, which we now proceed to relate.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### LOG-CABIN WOOING.

DURING the afternoon succeeding the departure of Captain Chapman and his friends from the larger settlement, one of those whom he had left behind went out to widow Rushton's house with the message of the young officer. With him went one of the woodmen who had participated in the fight, and who had been sent home.

Of course he brought tidings of the utter defeat of the Wyandots, and, as a consequence, most of the apprehension that had existed up to this time was removed.

The widow and her daughter listened to the earnest request for them to remove at once to the block-house, to remain at least until the present peril was past. Both appreciated the kindness of young Chapman, and promised that his wishes should be obeyed; but, as it was so late in the day, and the danger had not the appearance of being imminent, they concluded to remain where they were over night, and then make the removal early the next morning.

No objection was made to this, and the two men took their departure.

They had scarcely left the house when Elijah Lamb, the Yankee, passed out from the settlement on his way to the widow's, with the intention of spending the evening with Lizzie and compelling her to fix the time when she should become his bride.

"This here business has gone about fur enough," he soliloquized, as he walked meditatively along; "the gal is dead in love with me, that's sartin, and what's the use of her holding off? I s'pose maybe she does it to please the old woman, and to plague that young Chapman. I don't mind that so much *fur awhile*, but it's time they all learned that my feelings mustn't be trifled with."

Elijah was in earnest, and not a doubt of his success lingered in his mind for an instant.

"I don't wonder that everybody is jealous of me," he continued, as he walked slowly along. "I can say it here to myself, that I'm the best-looking man in the settlements, and I hain't come across the girl that doesn't have to knuckle under to me. I'll come it strong to-night; will recite poetry and Shakespeare till she will fly to my arms and—What's that?"

It proved to be the two men returning. Lamb bade them good-evening, in his lofty manner, and passed on; but they called to him:

"Going out to the widow's?"

He was about to answer that it was none of their business; but, as he felt some pride in having it known that he was the accepted suitor of the daughter, he made answer in the same dignified manner:

"I have an engagement to spend the evening with Lizzie."

"She's expecting you," added one of the men, "and will die of disappointment, if you do not get there very soon."

"That's the reason I am in such a hurry," replied Lije, as he hurried on.

Mother and daughter were busy in making their arrangements for their removal on the morrow, so that he was compelled to sit and meditate for a half-hour or so, until the latter could find the time to entertain him. He made several attempts to assist them, but with such awkwardness that he hindered more than he helped, and he finally desisted.

At last, he found himself *tele-a-tele* with the beautiful forest-maid, who opened the conversation at once:

"You didn't go with Captain Chapman and the rest of them to the upper settlement?"

"No; I was prevented, I am sorry to say."

"In what manner?"

"Taken with my old trouble of cramp in the stomach."

"How singular!" naively remarked Lizzie; "you had it last summer, I believe, when Captain Chapman and some of the men had to go out and drive away a party of Indians."

"Yes," growled Elijah, failing to see the necessity of referring to that incident.

"Does it ever trouble you at any other times than when there is danger to be encountered?"

"What do you mean?" he demanded, quite indignant; "do you mean to say that I ain't brave?"

Lizzie laughed—a clear, ringing laugh, ten times more tantalizing than any words could have been.

"Oh! no, Mr. Lamb—"

"Call me 'Lije,'" he interrupted, his exasperation toning down somewhat. "How many times have I told you that you mustn't be so distant with me?"

"Well, 'Lije,' I really think you are brave, for you have shown it in coming out here to defend us when we are in such danger."

"What—what do you mean?" faltered Elijah, who, in the interest he felt in his love-business, had forgotten entirely the danger which was believed to threaten the larger settlement, and the buildings surrounding it.

"You know we expect our house will be attacked by Indians to-night?"

"N—no," replied the young man, turning pale.

"Certainly; are you going to get the cramps again?"

"Jewhilkins!" exclaimed the Yankee, "what will a feller do? What are you going to do?"

"Nothing," was the imperturbable reply of the girl; "we expect you to stay here and drive away the Indians when they come."

There was no thought of love now in the head of 'Lije. He was seriously frightened, and he only wished that he was safe back in the settlement again; but he did not dare desert his friends openly.

"Why didn't them fellows stay when they were here?" he demanded, as he recollected the two men whom he had met.

"I suppose they thought you would be sufficient."

"Well, I know I am considerable—that's so," replied the lover, giving way to his characteristic vanity, "but then I'd like to have them near me to load the guns for me, while I fire and kill the Indians."

"Oh, we will do that."

Little did Lizzie Rushton dream that she was jesting about a reality, and that a fearful danger was closing around them at that very moment!

The first shock of alarm over, Lamb's courage rallied, as he began to gather the idea that there was no more danger than usual; for he knew enough to understand that the two men would not have returned to the block-house that night had they apprehended any unusual peril hanging over the dwelling of widow Rushton. Consequently, he began to be himself again.

"Going into the settlement, to-morrow, Lizzie?"

"Yes; George sent me word that he wished I would, and I must do it to please him, even if there is no real necessity for it."

"What in thunder has he got to do with it?" asked Lamb, growing furious again. "Pears to me, he's taking a good deal on himself."

"Oh, no!" replied Lizzie, in her laughing way; "you know I have a very high opinion of Captain Chapman."

"Do you call him *George* when you are talking with him?" asked the Yankee, in a fearfully solemn tone.

"Always," was the instant reply.

"See here, Lizzie," said 'Lije, laying his big hand on the shoulder of the laughing girl, "now listen, will you?"

"I am all attention."

"It's my wish that you shouldn't do that—understand, it's my wish, I say!"

"Then I am to call you Mr. Lamb, of course?"

"Oh! no—not a bit of it; you are to call me Elijah, or 'Lije'; that's what I permit you to do, but I wish others to call me *Mr. Lamb*."

"What objection have you to my addressing Captain Chapman in the same manner?"

"It sounds too familiar; it encourages him too much; the fact of it is, Lizzie, I think it's rather hard to fool with him so long. It's time he learned that he is only wasting his time in botherin' you with his addresses. Jewhilkins! if I was him, I'd feel so cheap that I'd git out of the way as soon as possible."

"Well, we all like George."

"Mr. Chapman," he instantly interrupted.

"You have no objection to my calling him captain?"

"I would rather you wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"He never done nothing to deserve to be called captain."

This remark nettled the young girl. Hitherto she had felt nothing but simply amusement at the words and manner of her visitor, and she was constantly wishing that Chapman might be somewhere, where he could overhear their entire conversation, but she resented this slur upon his courage.

However, she pressed down her resentment, and concluded to let him run on a little longer, when she would check him, and end this farce which she regretted having permitted to last so long. She determined to tell him, that evening, that she was the plighted wife of George Chapman, and that, if kind Heaven permitted, they would be married within the succeeding two months, and consequently he must cease, at once and forever, all his attentions toward her, looking ultimately to marriage.

But she concluded to hear him a little longer.

"He certainly was a captain under General Wayne," she said, alluding to the last remark of Lamb.

"Who says so?"

"I know he was; his mother showed me his commission."

"Yes; how did he get it?"

"By merit and bravery, of course." Elijah put on one of those unfathomable smiles, which imply a great deal more than can be expressed.

"Sorry to tell you, you mistake," he said. "His father and General Wayne were old friends, and it came through that. I know plenty of men that was in that battle of General Wayne's, which wasn't much, after all, and they *seen* this young Chapman hiding behind a log all the time."

This was too much, and Lizzie sprung to her feet with flashing eyes; but ere she could speak, her mother, pale and terrified, rushed into the room.

"Heaven save us! the Indians have surrounded the house!"

"Jewhilkins! where's my hat? I *must* go home," exclaimed the Yankee, beside himself with terror.

(To Be Continued.)

## The Ebon Mask: OR, THE MYSTERIOUS GUARDIAN.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

AUTHOR OF THE "SCARLET CRESCENT," "INJURED WIFE," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### A WARNING.

MADAME VALENCIE and Helene sat together by the vine-embowered casement that overlooked the fragrant little garden, in the midst of which stood their humble cottage. Both were busily engaged in sewing, and as their fingers were swiftly flying, they conversed:

"Mamma, it is very strange, isn't it, that she should take such an interest in us. What can I have done?"

"Us, you say. Who? You and I?"

"Oh, no; you know I didn't mean that. Julian and I?"

Her pure cheek blushed delicately.

Madame Valencie smiled mischievously.

"Now, mamma, it is too bad in you to make sport that way; but then it is nothing but sport after all. Oh, did you see Pepe Pinto last night—or rather this morning—when he came? You surely must have heard him, at any rate."

"I did hear a slight noise about two o'clock; was it then?"

"Yes; and he brought me a note from Julian."

"Julian is safe and well, I hope? Oh, Helene, my child, how unfortunate that he should be an enemy to our commanding authorities here!"

"But, mamma, I don't understand how, for personal reasons, Colonel Zarate can track him thus, and publicly hunt him. I know he has committed no act which justifies such treatment."

"True, child; but you little know the ways of the world. Señor Zarate, you know, has complete authority to arrest both Pepe Pinto and Julian St. John—one for desertion, the other for aiding him; and, in my inmost heart, I believe the commandant rejoices that he has so plausible an excuse for capturing the hunter."

"So do I; and, mark me, mamma, he will leave no stone unturned that may lead to his arrest."

Madame Valencie sighed, but made no reply.

"Mamma," continued Helene, "it is nearly a month, now, since Julian has dared to be seen in public; why is this?"

"Child, you know of Zarate's jealousy—of his hatred toward your lover; Julian knows this, too; and he also knows, as do I, that a secret foe is more to be feared than an open enemy. Many are the ways in which the colonel commanding might remove his hated rival from his path; spies, servile to their master; servants brought from Spain, and accustomed to such deeds, can be employed. Julian knows this, and his better judgment counsels him to use discretion."

"But the villagers know not the cause of his protracted absence. Of course, they imagine him on hunting-expeditions, do they not?"

"They may have thought so; but now, you know, Zarate makes no secret of his intentions of capturing him on the grounds I mentioned, and has even sent out squads of men after him."

"Heaven will preserve him to guard me!" murmured the fair girl.

"Let us hope so, at least," was madame's fervent assent.

Helene leaned her head on her hand and gazed out the window; for a long time she remained so silent, that her companion addressed her:

"What is it, daughter, that occupies your mind?"

"Oh, mamma," burst impetuously from her lips, "why did we leave Spain—lovely Spain—for this horrid country? Were we not happy there, in our cozy little home? Oh, that we were back again!"

"And Julian?" softly whispered the lady.

"True, dear mamma; I never would have known him had we remained there, and I am sure I couldn't leave him now. But, why did we come?"

"It was necessary, child."

Madame Valencie's tone was chilling, and Helene refrained from asking more. Another silence followed. Suddenly the maiden spoke:

"Mamma, there is one thing that has often surprised me; it is this: the unusual love I feel for that poor unfortunate Niña. It may be pity, it may be strong friendship; but, whenever I see her, I can scarcely refrain from throwing my arms around her and resting my head on her bosom. Oh, I am sure I do love her very much; more than any one!"

"Helene," said the lady, gazing reproachfully at the eager, flushed face of the young girl—"my child, more than me?"

There was something inexpressibly tender in Madame Valencie's tone.



"Forgive me, dearest mamma, for saying it. How cruel it was in me! More than you? As if"—her cheeks grew still more scarlet, and her eye brighter—"as if I could love *any* one more than you! But I can't explain it. Oh, sometimes—indeed, I can not help it, mamma, and you *must* forgive me for it—but when I think of poor Nina, so lonely and sad, and so beautiful and learned, my heart goes right out to her in such great love—a great deal stronger than I ever felt for you!"

She buried her burning cheeks in her hands, as though she anticipated the lady's displeasure. Madame Valencie smiled sadly upon the bowed head, and a strange expression passed over her face—an expression at once tender and compassionate; but no word escaped her lips, and she lovingly caressed the bended head.

Helene looked up, the tears trembling on her lashes.

"Mamma, you are not angry? I did not vex you?"

She kissed the ripe lips, and whispered an assuring reply.

"The lovely flower is bended to the ground with the dew, but Nina will show a sunbeam that shall dry the drops, and the maiden's heart will be joyful again."

In the doorway, tall and commanding, stood the wan figure of the wandering Nina; her beautiful tresses falling, as usual, over her face, almost concealing the features and completely disguising the expression. The large, mournful eyes gazed sadly out, being the only feature visible.

At the sound of her voice, Helene and the lady turned quickly around, the warm blood rushing to the young girl's face as she saw the tender glance of the lustrous, gentle eyes, so piercingly dark, yet so sweet.

"Fair maiden, Nina's heart is made glad today; and the flower of love is springing up, for the first time in many years. A long while poor Nina has been a wanderer, with no one to love her, none to cherish her and comfort her. Once I—the crazy Nina—had a pleasant home, and a daughter—oh, Forest-Bird, a darling daughter—fair as the morn and gentle as a gazelle. But she was gone, one day, and the sharp sword of sorrow rent in twain my heart, and my brain grew hot—hotter than fire. Then, poor lonely Nina started, and determined to find her lost birding; but all she found was, one morning, a little grave in the forest, and they said they put my little song-bird in there, long ago. So I wander all over, now; for Nina has no home, and wants none but the blue heaven, where her darling is, and the green earth, where they laid her away."

The low, musical voice ceased, and a great sob burst from Helene's bosom. Madame Valencie smoothed the excited girl's hair, and her eyes dreamily roamed over the room, the poor woman spoke again, in the same touching way:

"The lovely bird of the forest says she has a great love for the wanderer. Nina heard her say it. Nina's heart springs up fresh and young again, as in the days when her own babe lay on her bosom. Will the gentle girl come and let Nina kiss her only once, just for the sake of the lost one?"

With a passionate cry, Helene flew to her, and twining her arms tightly about her, buried her head in her bosom.

"Does Nina love my daughter so much, then?" inquired Madame Valencie, as she gravely noted their actions. How Helene's heart beat as she listened for the reply, while a vague feeling of something—she knew not what, thrilled through her.

"I do; because she is young and tender, as was my own lamb. Yes, Nina will ever be the forest-lily's true friend."

A pang of disappointment quivered through Helene's form, and she resumed her chair by the window. The visitor's mood changed as suddenly.

"The night-hawk is ready to swoop down upon the defenseless birdling."

"What—not again?" asked señora, who readily understood the figurative language.

"Nina says it—then is it not truth?" demanded she, in a dignified tone.

"Of course, good woman, I do not doubt it, and only meant what I said as an expression of surprise."

"Tuesday night," "midnight," the maiden knows?"

Helene turned in astonishment at the woman's words.

"How did you ascertain that?"

"Aha, Nina found it out! Nina spies when no one imagines it. But, the Forest-Bird *must* not go!"

"Must not go where? I can not understand."

It was the señora who spoke.

"She knows; the lily understands if you do not. Nina says, not go!"

"Why?—will you tell me?"

"The white hunter, he of the strong arm and stout heart, will not come; he knows the danger, for I told him. I know how the prowling vulture will wait for the dove, when the innocent bird goes to meet her true love. Nina followed his steps—the steps of the man with the rare face and serpent tongue, and she heard them talk; she saw the tent in the woods, and heard the false men talk. Nina knows, and the maiden must not—*shall* not go; but the lover—just at midnight, when the air is cool and the moon is down, so they can not see him—the lover will *here* keep his tryst, and fold his love in his arms."

None of the three spoke for a second; then the woman asked:

"Will she promise not to go?"

Helene hesitated. The weird words held her in awe, and she feared to doubt them.

"Does the forest-lily heed Nina's warning, and will she give her the promise? Nina must have a speedy reply, for she must go and tell the hunter to come *here* at midnight. He will explain it all better than Nina can."

The promise was given, and laden with the message, the strange creature set out on her toilsome way to the ruins, there to find the two refugees.

"Nina wants no thanks," was her imperious reply, when both Julian and Pinto were have

deluged her with grateful words. "Nina does her *duty*; her reward is *here*," laying her hand over her heart. Again, as in the morning, she quietly, silently left them.

The setting sun, bathing the world in a radiant array of purple and golden glory, sunk calmly into the placid waters of Pensacola Bay; the warm, lingering brilliancy faded slowly away over the green savannas, and floated around the mist-topped hills; one by one the laughing stars dimpled forth, and the stately moon rose, in silver coolness, from the same waves beneath which, so short a time before, the golden orb of day had disappeared. For a short time fair Luna reigned the earth with her brightest smiles, then, slowly and peacefully, retired behind the hills, leaving the myriads of twinkling stars alone with the night.

It was just at this hour that Julian and Pepe left their retreat at the ruins, and cautiously pursued the path toward the cottage.

For a half-mile they traveled in company; then Pepe, leaving Julian to go on alone, turned aside into a by-path, and struck out in an opposite direction. By a circuitous route, Pepe reached a secluded spot, not a quarter of a mile from the cottage. This spot was an *orange thicket*; the place mentioned in the ill-fated note as the trysting-place. Here it was that Pinto resolved to wait until midnight to see if his surmises and suspicions concerning Zarate's motives were correct. Climbing to the top of a dense, spreading tree, he found a comfortable place astride two branches, where he prepared to watch and wait.

Julian, meanwhile, journeyed along unmolested to the cottage of Helene, his heart beating high with anticipation. Nearly a fortnight had elapsed since he had seen her, and that, to lovers, is an age. His footsteps grew quicker and lighter, and as he reached the cottage, a bright light cheered him on to his loved one's side.

A low knock at the outer door startled the inmates.

"Oh, mamma, it is Julian!" and she flew to open the door.

A warm, passionate embrace, fond kisses for Helene. A respectful salute to Señora Valencie, who, in sympathetic remembrance of former days, when she was in love, discreetly left the room on some trifling errand, leaving the delighted lovers alone to enjoy their greatest happiness—each other's congenial society.

#### CHAPTER VIII. THE BROKEN TRYST.

At the same moment that Julian and Pinto started from the ruins, the former to visit his lady-love, the latter to lurk in the orange-thicket, a party of four men sat in the cottage of Antonio Zarate, in the upper apartment, commanding a view of the bay; the same room our readers have already once or twice visited.

The principal personages were two officers, arrayed in all the elegance of full-uniform, even to the stylish crimson sash of finest silken texture, and glittering sword, dangling at their sides. They were Colonel Zarate and De Leon.

At a table, on which was a limited quantity of liquors—just enough not to make the imbibers drunk, and consequently useless—sat two men, playing a game of dice. By each one's elbow stood a half-filled decanter of the treacherous rum; and between almost every "throw" they stopped to quaff a draught of the poison. One was the part-human, part-fiendish creature, Ricovi; the other, Tullona, the disgraced and dishonored chief of the Yamassee.

In a corner of the room leaned two rifles, and at the belts of the players hung long, glittering knives; both were attired without much regard to fashion and taste; Ricovi's suit being a simple coat and pants of army brown, dingy and faded. Tullona, however, with a lingering love for the olden time when he was one of the highest in rank among his brother warriors, still preserved some of the peculiarities of the picturesque Indian costume.

A blanket, coarse and filthy, edged with a torn, moth-eaten fringe, fell from his broad shoulders, and over the rude breeches, made of the same rough material, a loose covering of skin, almost devoid of fur, enveloped his tawny feet; on his head he wore a strange-looking contrivance, half-hunter style; an otter-skin, hard and dry, was arranged in a sort of cap, the tail hanging over his shoulders.

And these two perverted specimens of humanity were the tools selected by a Christian man in his dastard work of dishonor and crime.

"It lacks but two and a half hours of midnight, and I think it would be better for them to start at once. Don't you?"

Zarate consulted his watch.

"Perhaps they had better be moving; I will tell them."

"Tullona," said he, crossing the room to the table where the Indian sat, "the time is come for you to start on your errand of secrecy and trust. Go now, and ere the midnight hour is long past, I shall expect the brave warrior back, laden with his prize. Bring the maiden here, safe and sacred, then shall the promised reward be Tullona's."

Shouldering their arms, Ricovi and his companion, no longer the retired, quiet, stolid chief, but noisy, talkative and boisterous, started out, accompanied to the gate by the commandant and De Leon. Into the open roads they took their way, the dim light from the stars barely serving to guide them.

"White man walk first—show Tullona the way."

"Don't know the way, eh? Jest foller yer nose, an' ye'll come to it!"

The Indian made no reply, for the cool night air calmed down his previous excitement while drinking the fiery water, and he was becoming more reserved and silent.

"Got any more drink, eh?" inquired Ricovi.

"Drink," repeated the Indian, contemptuously. "Is fire-water all the brown-face thinks about?"

Ricovi regarded him with a ridiculous grin.

"Guess Injun wouldn't 'jeet to a little if could git 'im, eh?"

No reply being made, and Ricovi not speak-

ing, the two walked on until they reached the margin of the woods. Here they paused and looked carefully about them.

"This place," grunted Ricovi. "Come in yere; I show ye."

"Tullona needs no showing. He is at home in the great woods. The brown-face is a fool not to know that."

"Who says 'Covy's fool? Injun rascal?"

Tullona turned upon him, and raised his knife warningly.

"The brown face must keep a civil tongue, or—"

Ricovi followed the gleam of his flashing orbs, and they rested on the glittering knife-blade.

By this time the two marauders had penetrated into the wood a good distance, and were now so near the orange-thicket that the sound of their footsteps crushing the twigs and snapping the low bushes was distinctly audible to the ear of the hidden spy, Pepe Pinto, 'way up on his leafy perch.

From his perch he listened to the approach of Tullona and Ricovi. Not long did he wait for them, for a few seconds after, they entered the thicket. He recognized Ricovi's voice.

"Not been yere yet; not time for half-hour. Come, Injun, we'll hide, then catch 'er when is going back. Here."

"Tullona can find a place without the brown-face's help. Tullona will sit here."

In grim quiet, he seated himself upon the grass behind a thick tuft of orange-blossoms. Ricovi, meanwhile, had discovered a rather low tree, in which he climbed.

"When girl comes, 'Covy'll wait till starts for home, then run down, catch her; me and Injun carry to Pensacola; git lots o' drink and much gold."

"Will the foolish-mouthed boy keep still? or else how can the bird be caged?" The Indian spoke severely.

With stoical patience the two abductors waited the hour of twelve—long past that time, and still they waited; but no maiden, and no lover.

Until the first faint tracings of dawn were visible they sat; then, in disappointed ill-humor retraced the way to their master.

Pepe Pinto, too, when they were gone, came down from his perch, fully convinced of Zarate's desperate designs. He shouldered his rifle, and plunging into the woods, as yet scarcely lighted by the first rays of coming day, returned to the hidden covert, the retreat in the woods, of himself and Julian St. John.

#### CHAPTER IX. THE EBON MASK.

It was about two o'clock in the morning, and the two friends, De Leon and Zarate, sat in their room smoking their cigars, and awaiting the return of the men dispatched on their errand of crime.

"I wonder what detains them; it is long past midnight now; surely they should be back by this time."

"Hardly, I think," remarked De Leon, tapping his cigar against the window to remove the ashes. "Remember, the girl was not to be there before midnight; and two hours—for it is scarcely more than that—are a short time to accomplish such an errand."

"You are right; but I do wish they would return."

"Curb your impatience, man; and console yourself with the thought of how well worth waiting two years, much more two hours, the fair Helene is."

"Isn't she, though? Really now, De Leon, don't you feel the least envious?"

De Leon laughed.

"A poor devil like me, Zarate, on such large pay, can scarce be supposed to indulge in a taste for such adventures, let alone participate in them."

The colonel smiled and stroked his unexceptionable mustache.

"By the by, comrade, did you know she resembles that Spanish lady of yours most fearfully?"

"Pshaw, De Leon; you are possessed about her. Why, man, isn't it perfectly natural that these two, Helene and Isabella, both being natives of the same sunny land, and even both born on the same beautiful river-bank, the famed Gaudalquivir, should possess the same general resemblance?"

"Granted; but, Antonio, the resemblance is more than general, it is particular; strikingly so. Heigh-ho, what o'clock might it be? Three, and nearly dawn, as I live!"

"And they not back with her yet! By St. Genevieve, comrade, what *can* have happened to detain them?"

A reply was prevented by the sudden entrance of the two men, Tullona and Ricovi. The colonel sprang to their side, and in eager tones cried:

"Helene, the lady—where is she?"

De Leon's quicker eye had noticed the disappointment and mortification depicted on the faces of the unsuccessful messengers, and at a glance divined the state of affairs.

The Yamassee replied to Zarate's question.

"No lady; the midnight meeting was not there."

"What, you have not brought her?"

"Could Tullona bring what was not to be brought?"

His voice betrayed slight anger.

"Ricovi, what is it? Tell me; did not Helene and the hunter come to the orange-thicket?"

"No; 'Covy and Injun waited long, but no lovers; guess deserter Pinto tell hunter not come."

"Sure enough; of course, colonel, some one must have warned them; but, it is aggravating to think that all this time spent in waiting by us, has most probably been occupied by the lovers in each other's presence; for, mark me, Antonio, they would scarcely be cheated out of this interview, and to lovers, you know, one place is as good as another."

A frown settled on the baffled villain's face, and a scowl darkened his countenance.

"You may go," he said, abruptly, to the men in waiting. "Ricovi, take Tullona to the

sergeant's quarters, and you will find plenty of liquor; here is the money. Now go."

Striding angrily up and down the room, his disappointed villainy plainly visible in his face, and scarce able to repress his intense rage, the commandant looked more a fiend than a man.

"Curses on the fellow!" burst from his compressed lips.

"Who—Julian St. John?" carelessly inquired De Leon.

"Yes, Julian St. John. But for him—ah, when I once lay hands on him 'twill be to hang him high as Haman!"

"So would I, colonel," assented De Leon, consolingly. "But I must leave you, *mon amigo*; 'tis dawn, and no sleep has visited my eyes for many hours. So, *buenos noches*."

Left to his own reflections, Zarate felt any thing but comfortable, and for a few moments paced the floor in angry excitement. Through the window faintly stole the very earliest streaks of dawn, so faint that objects in the room were undistinguishable. Tossing aside his nearly consumed cigar, and removing the superfluous military sword, sash and coat, the commandant wrapped a blanket about him, and lay down upon the floor to secure, if possible, some sleep, ere the duties of the day began.

He had lain but a few moments when the door quietly but softly opened, and a figure, draped in unrelieved black, entered the room. Closing the door, it advanced toward the officer, and when near the center of the apartment stopped and stood in awful dignity.

Zarate sprang to his feet, and, spell-bound with surprise, not to say fear, gazed at the mysterious figure.

"Colonel Zarate," came in full, melodious tones from the draped form, "who and what I am you know not. I come on an errand of mercy, and shall not retire till I accomplish my business. Listen. Last night an attempt was made by you to carry away from a loved mother and a pleasant home, to dishonor and corruption, a fair girl, the pride of her friends, the idol of a true, noble lover. Through my agency she escaped her doom; I it was, who heard through an indirect way of your plans; I, whom you fancied you heard in the forest when you were returning from your diabolical errand; and I, too, 'Leota, of the Ebon Mask,' am she whom you saw on the edge of the woods."

The lady paused, but remained motionless as a statue. Gathering courage from her very human style of address and refined language—for Zarate had at first thought her a black demon—the astonished man replied:

"Well, woman, whoever and whatever you are, what business have you here at this time, and in an officer's private apartment? Be gone!"

"Be courteous, señor; remember you address a lady; and you know, for gallantry, the colonel commanding professes to have no equal, although he seems to have forgotten that fact."

"Silence. Your story of abducting a 'fair girl' as you say, is a base fabrication, without foundation or truth—a foul lie, by whom, or for what purpose invented, I know or care not. So, woman, I demand that you leave my presence instantly, with your masked face."

"Leota obeys; but before I accept your polite invitation, listen."

She glided forward, and placing her mouth to his ear, uttered in distinct tones the single word:

"Isabella!"

Pale and trembling, the commandant heard it.

"And what of her? Who is it?"

"Surely, señor, your memory is not so treacherous as to forget your wife, whom years ago you left alone, weeping and mourning for a miscreant husband, on the banks of the beautiful Gaudalquivir? Ah, I see you do remember; and, señor, by the memory you entertain of that injured wife, by the terror you now feel, the fear from which you can not flee, I command you to desist in your attempt upon the happiness, safety and honor of Helene Valencie. Remember, at your peril you disobey me; and know, too, the time will come when *Isabella* shall be avenged!"

The graceful figure quietly withdrew, leaving the bewildered soldier in an agony of terror and rage. And "Leota, of the Ebon Mask" disappeared as mysteriously as she came.

(To be Continued.)

#### MARRIAGE MAXIMS.

A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing. A man is what his wife makes him. It is the mother who molds the character and destiny of the child.

Make marriage a matter of moral judgment. Marry in your own religion.

Marry into a different blood and temperament from your own.

Marry into a family which you have long known.

Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.

Never both manifest anger at once.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive, and with the best judgment at the time.

Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

Let self-abnegation be the daily aim and effort of each.

The very nearest approach to domestic felicity on earth is the mutual cultivation of an absolute selfishness.

Never find fault, unless it be perfectly certain that a fault has been committed; and even then prelude it with a kiss, and lovingly.

Never allow a request to be repeated. "I forgot," is never an acceptable excuse.

Never make a remark at the expense of the other; it is meanness.

Never part for a day without loving words to think of during your absence. Besides, it may be that you will not meet again in life.



# THE Saturday Journal

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1870.

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL can be had of any Newsdealer in the United States and Canada. Persons remote from a Newsdealer, or those wishing to subscribe, and receive their papers direct from our office by mail, will be supplied at the following rates, invariably in advance: one copy, six months, \$1.25; one copy, one year, \$2.50; five copies, one year, \$11.25; ten copies, one year, \$20.

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## NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Ashby's Attic" we can not use, and return as per author's request. Our serials must be, like one of Sheridan's charges, short, sharp and decisive. The contribution has the first merit, but not the others.

"The Missing Bride" we may use. The writer has but to study *originality* in her plot or incidents to succeed. She narrates well.

The MS. "My Passenger" may find a place in our columns. It is not, however, of a *kind* for which we care to give remuneration. If the author cares to submit the serial, referred to in his note of March 25th, we will be happy to examine it.

"Saved at the Last Moment" we will lay aside for future consideration. A. C. L. can write, if he tries.

W. B. Buffalo, N. Y.—Sketch not available. The incident itself is good, but the manner of "getting at it" is not forcible or direct enough.

R. R. O., Brooklyn.—Sketch available.

CAPT. CHAS. H.—"A Wild Ride" available. Papers will be sent.

"QUILL QUILLBERSON."—Your essay, "Bashfulness," will appear in an early issue.

HARRIET L. B.—We can not give the real name of the author of the brilliant serial "Hand, Not Heart." It is, as stated, by one of the most eminent of our popular writers. We shall give more from the same hand.

PLINY M. NILES, Mich.—We shall not republish "Wild Nathan" in book shape. If you want the story you must get it in the SATURDAY JOURNAL. We shall not reprint the serials which will form the great attraction of our paper. We have, already in hand, several truly splendid romances, whose only shape of publication will be in our columns.

Among the unavailables are "Fred Preston's Escape"; "Patsy's Little Lover"; "Gretna Green's Doings"; "Never, Nevermore"; "Hail Columbia, Hail"; "Montrose Villa"; "My Mistress"; "Handy Jack of Jackson"; "Peter the Pinceman"; two poems by Miss E. L. C.; etc., etc.

**Success in Life.**—Life to those who have to strive and toil, is uphill work even from the beginning; but it does not necessarily follow that the steep is to be always before, and that no level lands and pleasant fields are to appear in the coming years. Not at all; but it is true that we have the shaping of this destiny in our own hands, and with us it rests whether the rugged road is to be surmounted sooner or later. If one comes but to look around him, he can see upon every hand evidences that what we say is true. Search through the great metropolis and see how many of the thousands of those whose wealth is a power in the land have risen, step by step, from the bottom round of the ladder to the enviable position they now occupy. We hold that no youth, let his position be never so obscure, need despair of attaining to this high purpose if he be actuated by the proper feelings, and guided by correct and upright principles. It is the first beginning, the start in life, that is so difficult to attain. Let this start be well and correctly made, and if as well and correctly followed, the result is sure. The first few hundred dollars that a young man, after going into the world to act for himself, earns and saves, will nearly always decide the question of his after success in business. It must be understood that the young man earns the money by his own labor, and not that it comes to him as a legacy, a gift, or perhaps as the winning of some game of chance. It must be the direct result of his own personal industry, and such being the case, he will have learned to appreciate its worth, not merely as money, but as the great power by which he is to push his fortunes to greater ends. Aside from the accumulation of this money, the consequence to him is a steady, continuous and solid discipline in the habit of industry, in patient, persistent forecast and self-denying effort, breaking up all the tendencies to idleness and idleness, and making him an earnest and watchful economist of time. We need not enumerate the ways and means by which this first step in life is attained. Strict integrity, constant watchfulness against the many temptations to idleness, or worse; regular habits, and steady industry, are the levers that remove all obstructions from the young man's path. As we have said, the examples of poor and obscure young men's rising to wealth and influence, are almost numberless. Very many of the largest houses of business in our midst, houses in which trade to the amount of millions yearly is transacted, have at their head men who have risen, if not from absolute poverty, yet from the humblest ranks of life. Then we say to the youth just starting in life, despair not of attaining to any eminence. What has once been done can be again accomplished. Place your mark high, and climb for it.

**To Young Ladies.**—Young ladies, if you wish to be happy and contented after the marriage ceremonies are over we suggest the following: Do not choose a lazy man; do not fall in love with a mustache, neither with a hat, neither fashionably-cut trousers, nor blackened boots, or pomaded and artificially curled hair; neither look upon graceful dancing and horse-back riding—no indeed! for with all the above-mentioned qualifications of, nowadays called, fast young men, you would not be able, with the best culinary skill, to cook a meal of victuals with it. But, if a man comes to ask you for your heart and hand, inquire if he is a skillful artisan, or a thrifty, industrious farmer who is up early and late, and rather does his own work and loves to do it, than to complain of hard times; or, if he understands how to manage his fortune, if he has any, or has the ability to acquire one; ask him if he thinks there are six days in the week to work, and if he improves them, and then one Sunday to rest on, to praise the Lord and go to meeting—if so, and you can otherwise love him, take him, for he is sure to provide for you. But, if he is one of those who loaf about half, and more than half the time, dressed in fashionably-cut garments, afraid to work for fear of soiling his clothes, always thirsty, and who has the sixth commandment seven times abolished—of course, let him stand in the cold and give him the mitten; for, with such a lounging, good-for-nothing dandy, you would be unhappy so long as you live. If all the young ladies would at once join in a society and determine never to marry a lazy, flippant, good-for-nothing, do-nothing—the effect would be marvelous and create wonder; for the young men on matrimonial business would soon see the secret and go to work, earnestly and honestly, and endeavor to be sober and industrious in order to get them a wife of their wishes; the whole army of loungers and street-corner-watching gentry would disappear from the earth like frogs in winter. The recipe is bitter and severe, but it will cure undoubtedly. Try it and see.

**Conjugal Attentions.**—The duties of husbands are thus laid down in a discourse by Rev. Dr. William Aiken: "The first duty of husbands is to sympathize with their wives in all their cares and labors. Men are apt to forget, in the perplexities and annoyances of business, that home cares are also their wives. They come home expecting sympathy and attention, but are too apt to have none to give. A single kindly word or look that tells his thought of her and her troubles, would lift half the weight of care from her heart. Secondly, husbands should make confidants of their wives, consulting them on their plans and prospects, and especially on their troubles and embarrassments. A woman's intuition is often better than all his wisdom and shrewdness, and her ready sympathy and interest is a powerful aid to his efforts for their mutual welfare. Thirdly, men should show their love for their wives in constant attentions, in their manner of treating them, and in the thousand and one trifling offices of affection which may be hardly noticeable, but which make all the difference between a life of sad and undefined longing, and cheery, happy existence. Above all, men should beware of treating their wives with rudeness and incivility, as if they were the only persons not entitled to their consideration and respect. They should think of their sensitive feelings and their need of sympathy, and 'never let the fire of love go out, or cease to show that the flame is burning with unabated fervor.'"

**Temper.**—We generally pity a man or woman who has an obviously bad temper; but to have a bad temper and ample opportunities for gratifying it must be a great pleasure. The dull placidity of good humor offers no such keen delights as the little revenges which a bad-tempered woman loves to wreak upon her social enemies. A bad temper is a sort of sixth sense, which has its own sorrows and its own satisfaction; and like the other senses, in favorable circumstances the satisfaction predominates. It is a great mistake to consider that even the worst form of bad temper—the sulky attitude—necessarily involves the wretchedness of the sulker. Not at all. The man or woman who sulks looks upon himself or herself as a martyr, and enjoys the sweet solace of martyrdom. Then the discomfort they inflict upon the people against whom they sulk is another keen enjoyment. In fact, if sulking were not pleasant, people wouldn't sulk. It gives a man pleasure to gratify his bad temper; and it gives him pleasure to sulk. Among women these enjoyments are heightened by a greater sensitiveness, both on the part of the performers and that of their victims. When a man gets into the sulky attitude, and thinks he will annoy his friends by refusing their invitations to dinner, we simply say to him, "Very well, sulk as long as you please. If you will be unhappy, be so. We have too much on our hands to trouble ourselves about whether you choose to be uncomfortable or the reverse. If you won't come to our dinner-parties, let us hope that others will; and we have no reason to anticipate that the soup and fish will be any the worse for your absence." But women, gentle souls! do not look upon a seceding friend in this philosophic light. They are distressed to think that Jane, or Aunt Thompson, or Lady Morland's maiden sister should think that they have been unkind to her. It is with deep depression that they hear how very miserable their former bosom friend now is; and they perplex themselves, and their husbands too, about the best method of reconciliation.

**The Law of Pleasing.**—In the family, the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your children; and your children are bound to please each other; and you are bound to please the servants, if you expect them to please you. Some men are pleasant in the household, and nowhere else. I have known such men. They were good fathers and kind husbands. If you had seen them in their own house, you would have thought that they were angels, almost; but if you had seen them in the street, or in the store, or anywhere else outside of their house, you would have thought them almost demonic. But the opposite is apt to be the case. When we are among our neighbors, or among strangers, we hold ourselves with self-respect, and endeavor to act with propriety; but when we get home we say to

ourselves, "I have played a part long enough, and am now going to be natural." So we sit down, and are ugly, and blunt, and disagreeable. We lay aside those thousand little courtesies that make the hardest things like velvet, and that make life pleasant. We expend all our politeness in places where it will be profitable—where it will bring silver and gold.

**Self-reliance.**—The first thing you want to learn, to develop what force is in you, is self-reliance; that is, as regards your relation to man. If I were going to give a formula for developing the most forcible set of men, I would say: turn them upon their own resources, with moral and religious truths, when they are boys, and teach them to "depend on self and not on father." If a boy is thrown on his own resources at fifteen, with the world all before him where to choose, and he fights the battle of life single-handed up to manhood, and don't develop more than an average share of executive ability, then there is no stuff in him worth talking about. He may learn to "plow, and sow, and reap, and mow," but this can only be done with machines and horses, and a man wants to be better than either of these. Wipe out of your vocabulary every such word as fail, give up wishing for improbable results, put your hand to the plow, or whatever tool you take to, and then drive on, and never look back. Don't even sight your person to see if it is straight; "don't be consistent, but be simply true." If you go out to "see a reed shaken by the wind," it is pretty likely you will never see any thing of more consequence.

**The Sunshine.**—Everybody should live on the sunny side of their houses as much as possible, and allow the sun's genial rays to penetrate the rooms. Darkened parlors are fashionable evils. True, it is gloomy enough to be ushered into a tomb-like apartment, where one can scarcely grope his way to a seat; and to discover when his eyes become accustomed to the dim light, that every chair and sofa has on its "duster," apparently equipped for traveling to some unknown land. But ladies must have their carpets kept bright and fresh, even if their cheeks are paler for it! And so the shutters are tightly closed, and the heavy curtains drawn. But, for the sake of health and beauty, ladies, let this be done only in the "best parlor," if it must be done at all. Let the rooms where the family live be cheerful and sunny. No lady would expect her houseplants to send out full, brilliant blossoms unless she placed them at a window where the sunshine would invigorate them. No more should she expect her children to show fresh, rosy complexions, or to develop genial dispositions, unless they live in light, sunny, airy rooms.

**Virtue and Knowledge.**—Virtue is a power for good in itself. On the other hand, knowledge is power for good only as it is allied to virtue. Unsifted knowledge is often a dangerous instrumentality, while unlettered virtue is a tower of strength to society. A character in its nearest perfection, combines the two, virtue—religion—and knowledge. These form the safeguard of a nation, and are objects of the highest importance in the State.

**Wealth and How to Attain It.**—There is one important practical truth connected with this subject, and one that can never be told too often, as upon it depends the comfort of the mass of our people. It is this: that in order to be wealthy, that is, to have such a competence as secures independence and comfort, men must save. Would that it might be written a hundred times upon this page, and each one of the hundred read a hundred times. To save is the practical point of the subject, and the one that should ever be insisted on. It matters not what may be the theory of political economists as to wealth and the means of production, unless it be one which can be practiced by the great mass of laboring people. The products of labor, or wealth, are constantly in use, and must be constantly renewed; therefore, man may as well accept, without a murmur, the fact that he must lead a life of labor and not of play. It is unwise, and in the main, useless, for the majority of the active men of to-day to seek for large fortunes, that is, to become millionaires, simply because it is impossible. But on the other hand, there is no reason why our industrious laborers of all sorts should not become possessed of sufficient wealth for comfort. The great trouble lies in the fact that young men do not begin to save when they are young. All who will begin early by saving will find a happy surprise in a few years, in the verification of the Scotchman's proverb, that "many a little makes a mickle." Put two dollars in the savings bank at the age of twenty, and continue to do so each week until fifty, and there will be a snug little fortune for a man and wife; fail to do this, and there will be nothing. Begin by small savings rather than not begin at all, for the finest showers often begin with a few gentle drops. One great cause of the poverty of the present day is the failure of our common people to appreciate small things. They feel that if they can not save large sums they will not save any thing. They do not realize how a daily addition, be it ever so small, will soon make a large pile. If the young men and young women of to-day will only begin and begin now, to save a little from their earnings and plant it in the soil of some good savings bank, and weekly or monthly add their mite, they will wear a smile of competence and independence when they reach middle life. Not only the pile itself will increase, but the desire and ability to increase it will also grow. Let clerk and tradesman, laborer and artisan, make now, and at once, a beginning. Store up some of your youthful force and vigor for future contingencies. Let parents teach their children to begin early to save. Begin at the fountain-head to control the stream of extravagance, and the work will be easy. Choose between poverty and riches. Let our youth go on in habits of extravagance for fifty years to come as they have for fifty years past, and we shall see a nation of beggars, with a moneyed aristocracy. Let a generation such as save in small sums be reared, and we shall be free from all want. Do not be ambitious for extravagant fortunes, but to seek that which is the duty of every one to obtain—*independence and a comfortable home.* Wealth, and enough of it, is within the reach of all.

## A PATHETIC STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Two youthful doctors, fair and bold,  
Lay wide asleep together;  
The music of their nostrils made  
One think of thunderous weather.  
But still their sleep was innocent,  
As they lay there together.

They sweetly dreamed of future ills—  
They dreamed of Hope and Patients;  
They dreamed of many curious cures  
And ample amputations;  
Which dreams came borne by sleep, who charged  
Them naught for visitations.

But these two doctors, lying there,  
Were startled rather quickly  
By noises in another room,  
Which made them feel quite sickly,  
And, God forgive our meddlesins,  
They prayed with tongues grown thickly.

And they grew very cold with chills,  
And spake beneath their pillow,  
"Tis some one coming for our bills,"  
When they had nary bill, O!  
And all their limbs grew shaky as  
Those of a weeping willow.

Noise stopped at last, and they grew brave,  
And out of bed did toddle.  
One grabbed a very ancient sword,  
And swore the thief he'd throttle;  
And one did lay his vial-ent hands  
Upon a big beer bottle.

They held a consultation and  
Each minute grew more nervous.  
"These instruments of surgery  
Are all that can preserve us!"  
They took the last bottle had  
And straight prepared for service.

They lit a lamp—"For if we fly,"  
Said they, "we'll greatly need it."  
And single file with flags half-mast,  
Right through the door they speeded,  
And searched each place except the one  
From whence the noise proceeded.

The sword was thrust in corners dark,  
Each bed was bottle-pounded.  
They held a council and agreed,  
Their fears had been ill-founded—  
That there was nothing in the sound,  
Which made them astounded.

When quick, from a near window-sill,  
A Norway rat did stumble,  
And fell upon the sounding floor,  
With a terrific grumble,  
Which caused these doctor men to fly  
With many a thump and stumble.

And these two doctors young and bold,  
Straight into bed did scramble,  
And got between five feather-beds  
To there perspire and tremble,  
And till they follow those they send  
They'll ne'er forget their ramble.

## Washington Whitehorn's

ANSWERS TO

### CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Q.—You are right wrong. A jury is far from being a collection of Jews.

REX.—If a man is born in the full of the moon he will generally be full himself all his life. If he is born in the dark of the moon it naturally follows that he will be as blind as a new-born babe all his life to the bright side of all things. If he is born while the moon is taking her horns, of course he will take his, on sight. If he is born on the tenth day of March his birthday will occur only once a year. If he is never born at all he will run none of these risks and be a happy man.

SAM writes that his girl objects to his coming to see her, and wants to know why it is, as she has heretofore been on the best terms with him, and no longer than a week ago ate five cents worth of candy, which he bought her. We don't know why she should object, unless it is that she loves him far away—that is, thinks more of his absence than she does of his presence, though we are of opinion the young man has been pressing his suit and got a part of it back—that is the sack.

HANS.—Friends are good when you have money. We had a friend who would not hesitate to share the last cent we had with us; but, when that was gone and we were like an empty bottle with the cork lost, he didn't know us.

A'PRENTICE wants to know when he is out of work if his time oughtn't to go on. Of course it will go on, but your wages will probably stop.

SOAPY.—Don't know those policy dealers. Send ten dollars and you will probably find them out—you'll find yourself out, too, about ten dollars.

FIDELITY.—If you want to bind yourself forever to a friend, just tell him some important secret of your own, and if he don't hold you as by both hands we'll give you our note for fifty dollars, with all the interest you can collect.

INEOR, San Francisco, writes that he is in the fourth story of a house which is on fire, with no chance of escape, and wants our advice, as his wife is somewhat worried over his welfare—he having no insurance on his life. We don't know what to say at present, but beg him to keep patient and we will tell him in our next issue.

EUCHER writes: "I live on the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains, where whisky is ortally high, yet always going down; where railroad stations are far and few between, but where Chinese are thicker nor sole leather, and on dark nights I'm always taking them for pumps with their cues for handles. I am tired of shooting five or six a day, and want your advice as to how China shall be broken." Shades of Confucius and confusion! that is an unsettled question of the settlements! and we pass it to the next and go up foot.

ARTHUR: When some oversensitiveness perhaps has divided you from some dear friend, and you stand on the brink of the gulf that lies between, taking him in as it were at a glance, do you not notice how infinitely far he seems to be above you? How superior his talents, how much more worthy to be loved? Do not his very faults, if faults they may be, command your respect? How destitute of all littleness! The respect which others pay him seems vastly more than ever you received; and do you not long to go to him, and if the fault is yours ask his forgiveness, or if his, force him to relent? I ask you this without mirth, for it has been the experience of

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.



## The Maniac Wife.

BY R. W. EASTERBROOKS.

"Yes, madam, I can prove that the captain does not, and indeed never has, loved you, and only married you because of his pity," and Mrs. Lovell's smoothed, polished face beamed triumphantly on the young woman, whose slight form rose defiantly, as she answered:

"Give me the proof and I will believe you; until that time, you must pardon my lack of faith in your veracity."

Without another word, Mrs. Lovell drew from her bosom a note and read slowly: "'Annie loves me and I have made her my wife. I shall always see that she is provided for, but can not give her my affection, and therefore I must say 'No,' when you ask me to settle down upon the land. She would be unhappy in discovering my indifference, and I should be doubly wretched in noting her misery, while knowing my own powerlessness to relieve it.'"

The reader ceased. With a quick gasp, Annie Gardner extended her hand for the paper. Without a moment's hesitation, the elder lady gave it up. It was her husband's own peculiar writing, and no forgery; that, Annie saw at a glance, and with this conclusion came a deathly faintness, and, with a little dreamy sigh, she sunk upon the floor unconscious.

A triumphant smile played upon the face of the elder woman, as she murmured:

"I guess, my lady, I shall succeed now in fixing things to my mind. She suspected treachery, but, fortunately for me, is now convinced that my words are true. If she knew that my daughter's name was Annie, she might divine the truth, but, there's no way of arriving at that fact, and I don't think the mother of Captain Gardner's first wife will be turned out of doors yet awhile."

The unconscious woman recovered from that swoon only to be thrown into another, by her very weakness, from which she finally emerged delirious. Mrs. Lovell summoned a physician, who immediately pronounced the case a dangerous one of fully-developed brain fever. For weeks the tortured woman hovered upon the confines of death, but finally began to convalesce. But, strangely enough, the delirium did not cease as she recovered health and strength. The physician said she had apparently received some shock which had caused the illness, and which had affected the brain. He had seen such cases before, but time and kind treatment would bring her all right. Mrs. Lovell was a coward—would shrink from committing any act which would render her liable to the law; but, with no danger of punishment, her conscience never would hesitate at any wickedness which would serve her own ends. Here was an opportunity to put the woman, whose influence over her son-in-law she dreaded, out of her way, and by means which could not criminate herself. Annie Gardner was not sane. Mrs. Lovell's brother (why is it that sinful schemes have always such powerful coadjutors?) was head physician in a lunatic asylum, and perfectly willing to assist her, or any one else, in any thing which would result in his own pecuniary advantage.

Well, what need to dilate longer upon that portion of the story? Poor Annie was conveyed to the asylum, and harsh, unfeeling treatment completed what Mrs. Lovell had commenced: in a few weeks' time, she was a raving maniac.

Captain Gardner was apprised, in time, of his wife's condition, and upon his arrival home, insisted upon being taken immediately to the place of her confinement. He feared foul play of some kind, and Mrs. Lovell, secure in her own success, acquiesced willingly, and even volunteered to accompany him.

They reached the asylum and were conducted to the room where the poor maniac was imprisoned. The wildness in her face deepened as she saw Mrs. Lovell, and, with outstretched arm, she beckoned her way.

"Keep from me!" she screamed fiercely; "you had no right to read it. You were cruel."

The captain removed his hand from his moistened eyes and looked up wonderingly. Without recognizing him, the poor creature instinctively knew him for a friend, and changing her tone to a milder key, asked him, imploringly:

"Don't you think it was a cruel thing, sir?"

"What was it, my dear?" replied her husband.

"Tell me, and I will try and fix it for you."

"Oh, no!" and she shook her head; "that is impossible; but I will tell you about it. You see I had a husband—"

"Come," interrupted Mrs. Lovell, trembling, for fear of what might be revealed; "if she gets on that subject, we shan't get away to-night, and she is always worse after talking much. We had better go now."

"No! no!" shrieked Annie, "she is afraid of me! She doesn't want her cruelty made known, but you will stay and listen?"

"Yes—yes, my poor darling," answered the captain, taking her hand, while, with his other palm, he gently stroked the disarranged hair.

"Well," she continued, "I loved my husband, and thought he loved me, but, one day, she told me he didn't, that he only married me out of pity, and when I asked her for proof, she showed me a note which proved every thing she had said. But, wasn't it wicked? It could do no good for me to know, and she might have kept it to herself, and saved me this horrible pain here in my head."

"God, woman!" and Captain Gardner rose excitedly, and stepped before the shrinking Mrs. Lovell. "There is method in her madness. I have suspected treachery of some kind, for well I know your black heart; but—but—" and here the strong man broke completely down, and burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

Annie eyed him for a moment wistfully, and then, with a little gulp, hid her face in her hands. He noted the action, and, in a moment, his arms were round her, and she was sobbing on his shoulder.

The keeper, a burly Irishman, clapped his hands. "Hurrah, she'll be all right now; when they cries, they generally comes to, bully! It kind of washes out their brains, you see."

With a new hope, Captain Gardner waited for her to cease. For some time, she cried passionately, but finally her sobs subsided, and wiping her eyes, she looked up into his face. The fire of frenzy was gone; she recognized her husband, and, with a glad sigh, repeated his name.

Of course, after that, every thing was fixed right; and Mrs. Lovell, a lonely old woman, regrets to this day, not the wickedness of her action, but her foolishness in accompanying him to the asylum.

The records of an asylum not many miles from the great city, will corroborate all here set down.

the floor. This latter was entirely concealed from view by a magnificent carpet of costliest material.

The man with the torch stepped to the center of the room, and marching up, drew down a cord. Seizing this, he hauled to his reach a flashing, glittering chandelier. Then he proceeded to light the dozen tapers in the chandelier.

The effect was magical. Every thing stood out in bold relief.

A long table occupied one side of the room; an elegant sofa the other. Chairs of most elaborate workmanship and costly material were grouped about; and in one corner, draped over from above with black cloth, bearing the death-head device, was a raised chair, or throne.

Every thing in this subterranean chamber betokened luxury, ease and comfort. It was a weird, strange place, more fitting the abode of rock-elves and spirits of the wood than the rendezvous of creatures of flesh and blood.

"Ah! boys, this is comfort!" said Delaney Howe, familiarly, at the same time throwing himself into one of the easy-chairs, and stretching his limbs out cosily.

"Yes, commodore, all—"

"Don't 'commodore' me to-night, Dick! We will not hold a regular council, for I have not time," said the young man, hastily; "I have other business on hand. I received your communication, and having an hour to spare—knowing too, that you expected me—I have just run over for a while, to have a little chat. What's the news, and how about the 'sail'?" and he eyed the other two as he spoke.

Those two were young men like himself—youthful in fact than Delaney Howe. There was an air of recklessness, dare-deviltry and blood-thirstiness about them which spoke badly for their morals. Though their faces were youthful, it was quite evident that the men were old in crime.

But one of them—he who had not as yet spoken—answered:

he knew, too, that their wills were like iron—their muscles powerful and brawny! More than that: he knew full well that beneath their coats sheathless knives were in their reach.

But he recovered himself, and answered, coolly.

"How can you ask, Fred? Are we not the 'Buccaneers of the Plains?' and do we not all share prize-money?"

"That is all I wanted to know, commodore," said the man, with a satisfied air, sinking back in his seat.

Then ensued a long conversation. At the conclusion of it, they all arose, and after joining hands in a mysterious manner, left the brilliant apartment—having extinguished the lights.

But Delaney Howe was the only one who emerged from the cave into the thick, dark woods; and, as he strode away, he muttered:

"They are getting troublesome! And I carry the keys! We'll see!"

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### THE WINDOW LIGHT.

CLAVIS WARNE let the little strip lay where it had fallen. Long he sat there, pondering on its singular situation, and on the circumstances which surrounded him.

What did all this mean? Should he leave this strange old house at once, with its new master, and go to the village? Or, should he remain, and see what was to follow? He was assured in his own mind that something was to come; he felt it.

His arm was now giving him excessive pain, and the physician had told him positively that he must not leave his room that day.

He determined to stay at all hazards, but he would be wary. He was well aware that between him and St. Clair Arlington—whom he held firmly by some secret power—was no friendship. He knew the bold, wicked heart

that beat in Arlington's bosom; he knew the man of old! Nevertheless, he would remain until the morrow, any way, and then he would say good-by to the mansion—good-by to Agnes!

That was the struggle in Clavis Warne's breast; he had seen and heard enough to know that there was some deep plot in that mansion against the interests and peace of that maiden, whom he now worshiped more madly than ever; he knew that there was a deep mystery hiding the real truth, and surrounding every thing connected with the sudden disappearance of old John Arlington. And then, too, the singular letters which had been so persistently sent him!

Come what would he would remain this night, and he would be ready to defend himself. So again the young man examined the little pistol.

The day wore away, and no one came near Clavis Warne's room, save the man-servant who brought his meals. The young man ate not a mouthful. He would not trust St. Clair Arlington in any way.

Clavis Warne longed to see Agnes again; he

well knew that the little script came from her. But, the day passed; the hot sun went down behind a purple cloud-bank, and no friendly foot-fall echoed in the silent, dreary hall-way without. The dark night settled down. Anon the moon rose in splendor again and gleamed over "field and flood." Clavis Warne did not light his lamp at once, but drawing near the open window, sat down and gazed at the quiet, dreary scene.

Then, as the minutes and the hours sped, thought after thought rushed through his bewildered brain. His mind wandered back over the dead years; the past, blissful and joyous in many respects, yet sad and gloomy in others, he lived over again.

Once more moving shapes, bright and glorious, flitted before him; once more he was in the heyday and sunshine of youth; once more Agnes Arlington, in all the splendor and fascination of her budding beauty, flashed like a shooting star across his path.

Suddenly a bright light flashed out in the gloom far away over the plain. Again and again it beamed forth.

Clavis gazed intently at it. It was something to relieve the dull monotony of the shadowy, moonlight scene; it was something to recall his wandering thoughts.

All at once—he could plainly see it, though the distance was great—an open buggy drove up and halted in the reflection of the light. Then a man sprang out. Then, for a moment, the light disappeared, and all was gloom and darkness. But only for a moment, for suddenly the same light flashed out again, but it was more subdued, nor did it flare about as before.

Silently Clavis rose to his feet. He trembled with excitement, never once removing his gaze from the now steadily-burning light. He glanced around him, and, turning suddenly, strode to the door of his room, and locked it. The snap of the bolt rung loud on the silent air, and awoke the echoes in the dreary, gloomy hall-way, without.

The young man stood still for a moment, scarcely breathing. But the sounding echoes



## Hand, Not Heart: OR, THE DOUBLE BETROTHAL.

BY LENNOX WYLDER.

[THE NOM DE PLUME OF A CELEBRATED AMERICAN AUTHOR.]

### CHAPTER XX.

#### IN THE CAVE.

WHEN Delaney Howe disappeared that night, after the conclusion of the singular dialogue, in the gloom of the black cavern, no further word was spoken for several minutes.

After the two had proceeded some distance—that is, Delaney and the man with the naked sword—they were suddenly joined by another, who carried a flaming torch in his hands.

Here a part of the same cabalistic ceremony was gone through with, and then a natural, easy conversation ensued, carried on in a light, rollicksome spirit, as the three hastened forward, deeper and deeper into the dark cave.

At length they paused as they reached a heavy door of wood, set as it were into the living rock. Delaney Howe drew from his pocket a key, and fitting it in the lock—a massive one of peculiar construction—soon rolled open the door. It moved back on its hinges without any sound soever.

The three entered at once, and in a moment the little room was aglow with the reflection of the flaming brand.

A singular sight was revealed. The apartment was quite small. It was a natural excavation in the earth, though it was plain to see that those who had occupied it had fashioned it with axes and picks, somewhat to suit themselves. The sides of the apartment had been cut down, and the roof and floor leveled, making an irregular square of the place. But those walls, with the exception of the ceiling, were, to a considerable extent, covered with long strips of carpeting, suspended from above by nails, and reaching to

"Why, we were caught out last night on the old stage road while cruising about—caught out in the storm. But we kept our eyes about us, and saw something: a large traveling-trunk strapped behind a hack—a young man—a stranger in these parts—inside. Perhaps he has gold!"

Delaney Howe started just the least. He glanced at the speaker as he asked:

"Did you follow?"

"No, we could not; we dared not leave our hiding-place by the roadside. It was lightning fearfully. But the carriage was on the road to the village, that's certain, and if this stranger is in Labberton, why, we may find means to get at his gold or his throat!" and the man smiled grimly, as he lifted his coat-lapelle, and tapped on the handle of a large, scabbardless knife.

Delaney smiled too, as grimly as the others. But, almost in a second, there came over his face a deep shade of thought, and then he leaned his hands on his knees, and bent his eyes down in deep meditation.

The others did not interrupt him. It was evident he was their chief; and it may be, they were fearful of him.

Gradually, however, the expression of thought passed away, and, as he looked up, a glad triumph was on his face. He laughed low to himself, as he said:

"Tis well, boys! And I have seen the young fellow, too. If he has not money he holds that which will bring it! Perhaps we may have to bring him here, and I am sure we can do it. In the mean time, take no steps in the matter; leave all to me. It may be that he will not live very long, as he was hurt badly last night! In any event, there's money in him—for somebody!" and he glanced around him again.

One of the men looked up, and asked, suddenly:

"True enough, but will there be any for the 'brothers'—for us?" and he kept his eyes on young Howe.

That young man flushed for a moment—then his face slightly paled. He knew that the fierce eyes of those men were upon him;



died away. He turned, and going to a chair took his coat therefrom, and as well as he could, flung it over his shoulders, buttoning it with his unwounded hand.

Again he approached the window, raised it, and gazed out. The light was still gleaming far away in the gloom.

"I will go out and see what it means; no harm can come of a little exercise. The air here oppresses me!" So saying he stepped out on the rickety porch, passed through the yard and over the fence surrounding the mansion, and at last stood outside on the plains. He glanced back. A light was burning brilliantly in the library, and he saw a dim form walking up and down the apartment. The lamp which he had lit, was burning likewise in his own room; but, as it sat back, it did not show much.

In another moment Clavis Warne, with the far-off light all the time in view, turned and strode away. He was soon swallowed up in the gray gloom of the wide-spreading waste.

The light came nearer and nearer every moment. He paused by a lonely little cemetery. One glance at the pale old time-stained marbles, and he hurried on.

Suddenly the outlines of a small frame house arose upon his view, and Clavis paused. In front of the door stood a doctor's carriage.

He gradually drew near, and in a moment stood under the little window—whence flashed the light which had drawn him thither. He looked within.

A tall, sedate-looking man, with a very grave face, was standing silent and gloomy by a bedside. It was the doctor who had dressed his arm! Near him, her eyes filled with tears, and bent upon the physician's face—an expression of agony showing in her every feature—was an old woman. On the bed, motionless and white, more like death than life, lay Dora Howe!

Clavis Warne sunk to the ground, with a low sob walling from his distracted bosom; then he arose, and tottered away in the gloom of the summer night.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A STRANGE DREAM—AND A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A HALF-HOUR from that time, Clavis Warne, almost fainting from exertion and excitement, clambered over the fence which skirted around the old mansion, reached the window, and entered, flinging himself into a chair as soon as he was in the room. The clock in the hall struck eleven.

Sick in body, fainting in spirit, the young man leaned his head down and groaned.

Dora Howe in all her old-time beauty came before him; her soft eyes beamed lovingly upon him; her hand was in his; the form of Agnes Arlington grew dim in his heart.

She was forever sworn away from him! In his absence she had given her hand to another—impulsively or otherwise it was all the same. She was lost to him. He did not stop to consider the agonizing words of poor Agnes—to remember her words of yearning love for him yet; he did not pause to consider or surmise the motives, whatever they were, impelling Agnes to such a step.

Warne's brain, heart and soul were on fire. He knew that his heart worshiped as ever Agnes Arlington—worshiped and loved her alone; but alas! he knew that the maiden had vowed her hand to another, and that, from the way she spoke, she dared not violate her vow. What could he do? Only one thing! And as the thought of that *one thing* suddenly flashed across his brain, he fondled his pistol. The death of Delaney Howe alone could step between Agnes and the fatal nuptials.

His hand toyed nervously at the little pistol's hammer, and a dark frown gathered over his brow. And there for several minutes it rested. But, gradually it passed off; he thrust the pistol slowly back in its hiding-place, and he shook his head.

No! no! He was a law-abiding and a God-fearing man, and Delaney Howe was Dora's brother! He could not do the deed.

Agnes Arlington, he well knew, was the victim of circumstances—circumstances as hard and cruel as they were mysterious and impetuous. But that did not alter the fact that she had sworn her hand away—she said it herself—to Delaney Howe.

What was now left to him for which it was worth living! Where now any glimmer of hope for him in the black sky of the future! What was the world to him but a wide, dreary waste—far more sober, black and gloomy than the solemn plain, with its spectral poplars, and shadowy landscape cowering out there, under the light of the fading moon!

As these thoughts flashed through his mind, he suddenly wheeled his chair around, and pushing it close to the open window, he peered out again over the distant common.

His eye once more caught sight of the far-away flashing light, streaming from the humble abode of poverty and sickness.

And then a sudden and strange revolution of thought took place in his bosom. Dora Howe, motionless, pale, scarcely breathing, as she lay there on that humble bed, in the poverty-stricken home—rose up before him! That marble-like image he could not drive out of his mind.

Then, gradually, his face grew calmer, milder; the deep thought-shade faded away, and a sad, sweet smile spread over his features, as he murmured:

"It must be so! It shall be so! God, in His inscrutable wisdom has decreed it, and the same destiny which drove me yonder to that sorrowful abode, drives me on still in what must be the path of right! I'll struggle no more against fate! My efforts in such a warfare are futile! Agnes is lost to me, and, if God spares me—I *will* win it—and if he spares *her*, my heart shall be Dora Howe's."

Gradually his wounded arm sunk by his side; his head drooped to one side, and then it settled down upon his breast. Worn out, in body and in mind, forgetting the warning he had received—forgetting all of his own precautions—Clavis Warne sank into a deep slumber.

He dreamed he was wandering upon a desolate heath-land; gloomy shapes in the air and upon

the ground, surrounded him in every direction. The sky was black above him, and a Cimmerian darkness had settled over the earth. He saw a flash of light. In a moment, without being aware of it, he stood within a small house. By his side was Dora Howe—her head leaning on his shoulder—her hands clasped in his, and from her side a stream of blood was ebbing! What horror filled his mind! And then a clergyman appeared. By his side Agnes Arlington, in widow's weeds, stood stern and silent. The marriage-ceremony began, and—But suddenly a terrific peal of thunder shook the little house.

Clavis awoke with a sudden start, and glanced about him. Slowly he recollected himself, and where he was. He knew he had been dreaming, and he thanked God from the bottom of his heart that it was *only* a dream.

There lay the plain now in darkness; the moon had gone down, and the little light, far away, could no longer be seen.

He started. A crack, as of a shaking board, fell upon his ear. He felt for his pistol, and stepped forward a pace.

His heart leaped wildly, and he half extended the pistol as he saw two dim forms, followed by another, hurrying away in the gloom along the creaking porch. Another moment, and all three had disappeared around the angle of the old house.

With an expression of relief, Clavis Warne, trembling with excitement, stepped back in his room; and now, being completely worn out, he threw himself, without disrobing, upon the bed—the pistol still clutched in his hand, his eyes wide open, and his ear catching every sound.

The time wore on—the early hours of morning came, and still Clavis Warne lay with open eyes.

But, gradually, exhausted nature gave way; flesh and blood could not endure more than he had; his hand relaxed its hold upon the pistol, his eyes closed, and again sleep claimed him as a subject.

Suddenly the window, still open, was darkened, and the forms of two men stood there. They waited not a moment, but sprang inside. Instantly the room was filled with a half-suffocating odor, as of chloroform or ether.

The men stood by the bedside of the sleeper. One of them leaned over their evidently intended victim.

At that instant, a deep, unearthly groan echoed in the apartment. The men turned. A tall figure, in white, stood in the door, which was now opened, leading into the hall.

With a stifling cry the men sprang away, darted through the open window and disappeared. And, as before, a small, bent form, on the outside, slowly emerged from the gloom and followed on after.

And then the white figure tottered into the room, and falling at the bedside, murmured, in a woman's voice:

"God be thanked that I could not sleep! And now, Clavis—darling Clavis—you are safe! safe!" and she bowed her head on the bed, and wept silent tears of joy and gratitude.

Then, rising softly, she gazed for a moment at the motionless figure upon the bed, and turning gently, left the apartment.

As she passed the dim hall-light, its rays fell upon the spotless *robe de chambre* and angelic face of Agnes Arlington.

Clavis Warne still slept on, in sweet oblivion of all that had transpired around him.

The night passed; the dawn broke, and morning had come.

As before, Clavis touched not the meal which had been sent him.

Then the doctor arrived. After an earnest conversation with him, Clavis Warne descended with him to his carriage.

Mr. Arlington, pale and haggard, stood by. The young man approached him, and said in a low voice:

"I thank you, St. Clair Arlington, for your hospitality; at some day, I may be able to return it! But, hark ye, my friend—your house is haunted!"

He did not stay to observe the effect of his words, but, assisted by the doctor, got into the carriage.

In another moment they were driving rapidly toward Labberton.

And Clavis Warne had not seen nor said good-by to Agnes Arlington.

(To be Continued.)

## Edith's Salvation.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"CHOOSE between us. It is the last time, Miss Warriner, that I shall offer you my name and hand. If you prefer poverty to wealth—if you choose daily labor before luxurious idleness and servants to anticipate every wish—if you elect to yourself the life of the poor man's slave—then refuse me. But when you reject Carlton Mayne's overtures for his proposals, prepare for the consequences."

Sweet Edith Warriner stood between the two men, her fair face white with despairing trouble, her dark eyes glistening from the stern, threatening face on the one side, whose fierce blue eyes were reading every inward thought in her expressive features, to the proud, haughty suitor on the other, in whose calmly conscious smile of derisive power was plainly declared his love for the beautiful girl beside him.

She was beautiful, with her gentle dignity of manner, her perfect contour of person, her luxurious hazel-brown hair, where the golden shadows lurked; her large, lustrous eyes, in whose deep, truthful wells there seemed a shadow of coming doom ever haunting. It had not ever been thus; the June roses had kissed her glowing cheeks when her eyes gleamed with all the joyousness of hope; but ere the petals of those midsummer blossoms had been silently dropped and carried away by the laving south-winds to perfume the air, the light had gradually faded; and by the time Carlton Mayne had been in Wildcliffe three short months, the haunting shadows were eternally darkening in those soulful eyes.

Why was it? Had the handsome stranger, of whose fabulous wealth there was said to be no end, flung some spell over Edith Warriner's life, that had caused such a magic change? Perhaps Vane Winchester, as he stood awaiting fair Edith's reply, was thinking of all this—perhaps she herself, as her lips quivered ere the words formed on them, was framing the thoughts.

Impatiently, Carlton Mayne stood tapping his toe on the sandy beach, his fierce blue eyes never swerving from their steady gaze, with a faint smile—such a smile as a fiend from Hades' hot depths might wear—dawning in their glance.

"Edith, decide between us. Mr. Mayne is right; if you have made up your mind, let us know your decision. Remember, Edie, darling, how I love you."

His pleading, handsome face grew tender for a moment, as he bent his head near her cold, pale cheek, that flushed momentarily, as the low, loving words reached her ear; then, as if conscious that no persuasion could induce her to reject him—no power supersede his in her affection, he bowed haughtily to his scornful rival.

Edith reached forth her hands, her eyes full of anguish, her lips throbbing and trembling.

"You are cruel to take me at such an advantage! Oh, Mr. Mayne, why do you torment me?"

She paused suddenly, warned by a red gleam in his eyes. Vane Winchester saw it, and a hot flush of anger rose to his very forehead.

"Dare he torment you, my Edie—my darling—my promised bride? Let him again attempt it, and he will regret it! Sir, I know Miss Warriner loves me, and that she despises you; she will accept my offer and reject yours. Therefore, as her future protector, I request—nay, insist—upon your departure. Do you not see how agitated Miss Warriner is?"

Vane spoke hastily, as he stepped up to Edith and flung his arms around her waist.

"You hear him, Miss Warriner!"

It was the first time Carlton Mayne had spoken since his offer to Edith; and she started at the tones so full of concentrated wrath and bitter sarcasm.

"I hear—oh, yes, I hear! And I would I were deaf rather than hear! Oh, Vane, my only loved one, the moment has come when I must give you up! Vane, my darling—my darling!"

She wailed the endearing epithet in a note of impassioned despair, and all regardless of the gleaming blue eyes fixed so determinedly upon her anguishful face.

In a soothing, tender way, Vane caressed her cold hands.

"But I shall never give you up, *petite*. You are nervous, and perhaps terrified by your gallant lover's brusque manner. Come, let me lift you in my carriage and drive you home. Come, dearest."

She shrunk away from his arm, her face blanched to a deathly pallor.

"No, no, Vane! I am speaking the truth; we must part forever! I must marry Carlton Mayne!"

Then it was when Vane caught the triumphant sneer in his rival's eye; when he saw the pitiful truth on his darling's face, he understood what she meant.

A groan, that he did not try to disguise, burst from his ashen lips, and he stepped further away from her, a cold, steely glitter taking the place of the love-light in his eyes.

"Edith, you never loved me, then! God pity me, for you've broken a true heart!"

His cheeks were pallid as he turned away. Edith sprang after him, and caught him eagerly by the arm.

"I did—I did! To-day, Heaven is my witness, I love you, as I always shall! You may murder me," and she turned fiercely upon Carlton Mayne, "but I will not be denied the miserable privilege of telling him how I worship him, this very minute; how I detest, despise *you*, the man I have sworn I would marry. Yes, Vane, my precious one, forgive me, but don't hate me; forget me, if you can; but in mercy's name, don't accuse me of never caring for you. Oh, if you but knew—if you but knew!"

She covered her face with her hands, and Vane and Carlton Mayne saw the burning hot tears streaming between the beautiful taper fingers.

With a cold, gloomily-glad smile, the accepted suitor stepped up to her.

Miss Warriner, I am afraid you will injure my reputation if you continue this tragic-sensational comedy further. Allow me to assist you to enter my carriage, which is near at hand. Mr. Winchester, permit me to wish you adieu."

Vane strode up to him, a passionate flush on his dark cheeks, a boding light in his black eyes.

"Sir, I verily believe there is foul play somewhere. What it is, I do not pretend to know; but that there is, I solemnly believe. But, of this rest assured—that I shall not suffer this infamous thing; Edith Warriner shall not be coerced into a marriage with you; and I'll see if, in this age of civilization, our laws can protect this lady. I will reciprocate your 'adieux,' only to hasten, for her sake, in her cause."

He stooped near Edith, who, with covered face, spoke not a word.

"Trust me—love me still."

Then, with a deep bow to Carlton Mayne, so courteously elaborate as to enrage and insult, Vane sprang into his light buggy and hastened to the city.

The midday sun was beaming its mellow October warmth over waves and woodland, and the spicy air, fresh from the restless sea, came in refreshing balminess over the beach, lifting from a fair white forehead little spirals of escaped curls, as Edith Warriner sat with bowed head at the partly-closed window.

You would hardly have known her, so deeply had grief bowed her young spirit; so roughly plowed the lines of pain in her thin face. But, it was she who sat looking over the murmurous sea that clear October noon, with eyes that were overflowing with an expression that would have made any heart ache to see. Afar off gleamed the white-winged sails, looking like specks of snow on the blue waters; nearer loomed up the black pipes and cordage of some swift-going ocean steamer; while, just on the beach, up rose crags and cliffs of weird forms and shapes.

Within the elegant apartment, every object bore the mark of wealth, refinement, and exquisite taste, from the tiny pink crystal perfume-flask, whose golden stopper was bound by a golden chain to the rare and magnificent trousseau, that lay, carelessly flung, all regardless of its worth, over the bed.

It was Edith Warriner's wedding-dress, and that was Edith Warriner's wedding-day.

Poor Edith! Carlton Mayne was to be the bridegroom.

Oh, the weary, weary days since that time she had last seen him whom she loved so truly. But, she had lived it, hour by hour, day by day, till it had seemed, at times, she must go mad!

Dead! When that news came to her—the news that Vane Winchester had driven over the crags, that very night he left her, on his way to the city—she had sat like a marble statue, taking no heed, hearing no word; never weeping or moaning, until when the mother of her lost one had come to her with a thick, waving tress or his hair, her awful sternness melted, and her life was saved; the life she would so much rather have laid down.

Since then, affairs had progressed; and now—and she wondered, as she looked back, how it had happened—*now*, to-day was her wedding! She was to be married to Carlton Mayne, the man whom, of all men living, she most hated, most feared, most loathed. And Vane, lying dead somewhere under those deceitful blue waters. The thought maddened her, and she sprang from her seat, pacing the floor in her agony. Below stairs, she heard joyous laughter of friends and relatives as they were preparing for the wedding feast; she heard—and it was a musical voice, too—Carlton Mayne's voice, inquiring for "Edie."

"Edie!" Her eyes fairly flashed. She had forbidden him calling her by that name, so precious because Vane had adopted it. "I must go down, and begin the awful farce. I must meet him, speak to him, when I could rather choke him till his lips grew still under my fingers."

And Edith Warriner's face grew wrathful for the moment; then came again the pitiful despair in its beautiful contour.

When she went down, she found a party of young maidens preparing for a walk on the cliffs. "You'll come, Edith, with me?"

It was a request, but she knew it meant a command. So, a wild hope in her heart that the walk would lead to the cliff—the cliff where Vane was killed—she donned her sacque, and the soft wind sweeping her heated forehead, she joined the group.

Down the rocky, uneven path they went, dividing off in pairs, until—was it a fate?—when she and Carlton Mayne reached the spot so dear, and yet so fearful to her, they were alone. The others were far out of sight and hearing.

It was a lonely spot; above them flew the screaming, white-breasted gulls; back of them and on either side, up rose the black crags, weird and gloomy; fronting them, and rolling to their very feet, was the sea, the casket that held her treasure; the lock that defied the key.

"It is our wedding-day, Edie!"

"I tell you I will not hear that name. He called me by it. How dare *you*, his murderer, repeat it?"

Her steady eyes were fixed on his face—his handsome, careless face.

It was a bold assertion; one that had no apparent foundation; one that Edith used on the impulse of the moment, without thought or meaning.

His face suddenly turned gray, and he caught her wrist in a fierce clutch.

"What is that you say, girl? I kill him? You dare not repeat the aspersion, or I'll—"

"Make no threats; else I, myself, already urged to any thing, may join him there."

She pointed to the restless waves, a strange light surging to her dark eyes.

Back from her white forehead her wind-blown hair was flying; and on her cheeks crept a faint pink tinge. Suddenly a cry, a cry of inexpressible, intensest emotion, burst from her lips.

"Carlton Mayne! for God's sake, look! It is Vane—Vane! Do you not see? It is he!"

Her outstretched hand was wildly reached to grasp the figure far out on the tossing ocean; while Carlton Mayne, with eyes that were starting from his head, turned his gaze away from the indicated direction; and while he grasped her wrist till the delicate arm grew purple beneath the pain she did not heed, his evil blue eyes glared like a monster on her face.

Like a magic transformation, her expression grew first hopeful, then radiant, then glorious.

With a loud, piercing cry, she called:

"Vane! Vane! If it is you, or your spirit, oh save me, save me!"

High over the sounding waves echoed the summons; then, as Carlton Mayne looked speechless with surprise and dread, Edith wavered and sunk to the rocky ground.

It was not Carlton Mayne who assisted her to rise; he, too, lay beside her; not faint, but a manacled prisoner, while around her clustered her friends, and kneeling beside her, alive and radiant with happiness, was Vane Winchester.

That joyous hour saw every thing explained; every barrier removed that interposed between them; while the baffled villain, helpless and hopeless, confessed he had hired men to guide the horse over the crag, hoping to forever silence Vane Winchester, who, he well knew, would not need go far before he could find the assistance required.

And why did Edith suppose she must marry him?

A plausible story, with forged proofs, that branded the fair fame of her aged father; a secret she kept from him, at Mayne's suggestion. But now she had no need to marry the fiend to insure his silence about her father's crime of forgery, it was all over forever, and while the parents embraced their heroic daughter, who had believed the scandal and sought to avert its discovery, Vane Winchester, who had waited and watched for this chance—and who, failing to find it, would have appeared at the wedding, was whispering in her ear:

"Edie, my own at last!"



# Our Ballads.

[We propose to award a corner in our paper to original ballads, and will be happy to receive from our friends contributions of that class. Some of the most charming poems in the language are ballads. We hope our contributors having a talent for this species of composition, will let us hear from them.]

## ROME BESIEGED BY BRENNUS AND SAVED BY MANLIUS.

Against the towers of Rome marched  
The Gauls by Brennus led;  
And all before their onward march  
Overcome by terror fled.

Upon that march undauntedly  
Through long and weary hours,  
All heedless of the burning sun,  
They taxed their iron powers.

And halted not; for vengeance burned  
Like fire in each soul;  
And vengeance quickened every step  
To Roma's walls, its goal.

At last they and the Romans met  
Where Allia's waters flow—  
Yes, there they met—the Romans and  
The Brennus-marched foe.

And fiercest that eventful day  
Was the ensanguined fight:  
The troops of haughty Roma matched  
Against the Gallic might.

Yea, dire the battle turned that day,  
Rome charged the foe in vain,  
And left ten times four thousand dead  
Upon the battle-plain.

At noon the Allia's waters flowed  
Like crystal pure and bright;  
They rolled a crimson tide along  
Before the fall of night.

And never was defeat, I ween,  
More certain and more dread,  
Sustained by Rome, in after days  
The world's tyrannic head.

The Romans fled before the foe,  
As they had ne'er before;  
And scattered in disorder all  
Their way to Rome they bore.

And while away to Rome they fled,  
The Gauls remained behind,  
And, coming on the encampment of  
The foe, rejoiced to find

Such riches and such plenty left;  
And there, 'mid laugh and song,  
They feasted, and they quaffed the wine  
In savage glee full long;

And when they rose to march against  
The city's distant towers,  
They were as men who foolishly  
Had wasted half their powers;

And not the dauntless Gauls who, where  
The Allia's waters flow,  
Dispersed the conquered Romans, as  
Spring's ray dispels the snow.

### II.

See, to the open gates of Rome  
The Gauls are marching fast;  
More following those, who now have fled  
Their doughty columns past.

But hark! the chieftain Brennus speaks  
To his advancing men:  
"Soldiers, beware of treachery,  
Before you enter in."

"The gates are open—strange sight  
Which ever met my gaze;  
But nothing fear, my countrymen,  
The town we yet shall raise."

"And there shall not remain a stone,  
Where once Rome's towers high  
Rose heavenward, for they shall fall,  
And all her sons shall die."

"And our descendants to their sons  
Shall tell the glorious tale,  
Of how we made them, one and all,  
Before our footsteps quail."

"Their blood shall flow, as flowed before  
In Allia's reddened tide  
Its purple streams; their bodies lie  
Unburied far and wide."

"Then on, my men, to vict'ry on,  
And make the city ours,  
For Brennus still is at your head,  
Where danger darkest lowers."

### III.

The young and old are falling low  
Beneath the Gallic brand;  
And not a single life is spared  
By that remorseless band.

They tear the suckling baby from  
The breasts of mothers wild,  
And in the frenzied mother's sight  
They stab the screaming child.

And dabble with life's purple streams  
The hoary hairs of those,  
Who have not strength to stand before  
The fierceness of their foes.

And all the streets of Rome run red,  
And every soul is slain;  
And not till then do Brennus' men  
From the work of death abstain.

And all the houses of the town  
Are burned unto the ground;  
And where the child once joyous ran  
The troops of Brennus bound.

Behind the walls of Capitol  
The Romans well repelled  
The exulting troops of Gallia;  
And their position held.

And Brennus to no purpose hemmed  
Its lofty walls around;  
That Rome and Romans still were brave  
The Gallic leader found.

### IV.

'Tis night, and silence rules the hour,  
For not a sound is heard;  
And by the gentle breeze that blows  
Scarce any thing seems stirred.

The moon behind the sable clouds  
Has hid her modest face,  
And darkness veils the aspect of  
All the surrounding space.

'Tis here the Capitol of Rome  
Its walls doth rear on high;  
Behind those walls the Romans sleep,  
And Brennus' arm defy.

But look! are not those men, who up  
The narrow path advance,  
Half-seen, half-lost amid the dark,  
At every fiftful glance?

On, on they file; and now the walls  
Of Capitol they climb,  
But at that very moment woke  
Brave Manlius in time;

For loud the geese in Juno's shrine  
Gabbled the midnight hour,  
And thus they saved the garrison  
From death and Brennus' power.

Then up sprung dauntless Manlius,  
Before the noise did cease;  
And hastened to the battlement  
That the foe might not increase,

And shouting to his countrymen:  
"Awake! the foe are nigh!"  
He roused the sleeping Romans from  
Their slumbers with the cry;

Then sprung to where the Gallic troops  
Were climbing from below,  
And headlong in a moment hurled  
Two of the Gallic foe.

And others coming to his aid,  
The Gauls were soon outdone,  
And dashed in utter hopelessness  
The rearward ranks upon.

Thus, when the mighty city, Rome,  
In after days the head  
Of all the world, was threatened by  
The Gauls by Brennus led,

The arm of Fortune turned the day,  
And stemmed the tide of fate,  
And saved Rome's lofty citadel  
When Brennus stormed the gate.

If he had slept five minutes more,  
What seer so bold to say  
What Rome, who waxed so glorious,  
Might be the present day—

A shapeless mound, a spot unknown;  
Then glory to the name  
Of Rome's preserver, Manlius,  
Immortalized by fame!

J. G. MANLY, JR.

## "Burnt at the Stake."

BY J. G. LA ROE, JR.

The night without was dark and tempestuous  
—the snow came whirling around our old farm-  
house and down the old-fashioned chimney with  
a wail as if spirits were abroad.

Just such a night to sit around the log-fire  
and listen to something weird in unison with  
our feelings.

"Tell us a story, Aunt Katie," we—her three  
nephews, Tom, Will and your humble servant  
—had repeated several times, as we nestled  
closely about her. Tom, the oldest, was aged  
twelve. I came next, ten, and Will was the  
youngest, eight.

Dear Aunt Katie—shall I ever forget you?  
Years ago was the night I have mentioned,  
and you have gone to your rest. Those little boys  
who sat and listened so attentively to you, are  
grown up and hastening to the graves them-  
selves.

But I believe I sat down to write a story—let  
me proceed.

Aunt Katie sat thinking a few minutes, with  
her sweet smile on her face. Looking at her  
now one would be surprised to see the young  
face surrounded by such pure white hair.

"Thereby hangs a tale," and sitting there we  
heard what follows.

"You have no doubt, boys, heard of your  
uncle Will, and somehow or other my thoughts  
revert to him to-night, for this is the anniversary  
of his death. You have asked me several  
times how he died, and I'm going to tell you  
all to-night.

"At the age of eighteen I became the wife  
of handsome Will Mordant—every one ac-  
knowledged him handsome. And he was not  
only handsome in person, but also brave in  
soul.

"To look at me now you can hardly guess  
what I was in appearance then. At any rate we  
were young and thoroughly in love with each  
other, and forgetting that there was such a de-  
sirable article as money, we married.

"We were very young—he twenty-one, and I,  
as I said before, eighteen. Though we were  
poor in pocket, we were rich in each other's  
love, but as that wouldn't give us the neces-  
saries of life, we determined to try our fortunes  
in the—then—Far West.

"We were married but a few weeks when we  
started on our journey. There was a party of us  
—three neighbors and their families—and it was  
understood we were to settle somewhere in  
Missouri. Some of the relatives of the parties  
had already settled out there, having laid the  
foundation of a hamlet.

"There were four strong, stalwart men, four  
weak women, and a dozen or so weaker children.  
Our conveyance consisted of a long, covered  
wagon drawn by a pair of stout oxen.

"The men preferred walking, so the weaker  
of the party occupied the wagon, and we, with  
provisions in plenty, filled it.

"Of necessity our journey was made very  
slowly. At the end of two weeks we had made  
but three hundred miles, and that of the easiest  
part of our way. We had crossed Missouri  
State line, and as we were coming on dangerous  
ground, and the men of our party were com-  
paratively ignorant of the ways of the Indians,  
three guards were hired.

"Thus strengthened we felt much safer and  
proceeded on our journey.

"At the end of four weeks, we were alarmed  
at the news that the Indians had attacked Fort  
Mingaw, (it was dignified by the name of 'fort,'  
though it was nothing more than a barricade,) which  
was within a day's travel.

"So all precautions were observed, and to  
make assurance doubly sure, old Zeb Webb (a  
perfect specimen of your hunter on the prairie)  
was placed on guard, though it was not his  
turn.

"Somehow or other I couldn't sleep that

night, for something was weighing on my mind.  
So I laid awake, with Will at my side, as I  
thought, asleep.

"About the middle of the night a bright  
light came over the vast prairies, and at the  
sight of this every man was on his feet, while  
the women tried, with blanched faces, to silence  
their cross children.

"That means nothin' good, comrades," ex-  
claimed Zeb Webb, with a knowing look; "them  
'ere catamounts air burnin' everythin' afore  
'em," and he looked at 'spit-fire' to see if it  
were all right.

"The look at his gun we women put the  
worst construction on, and bewailed our lot,  
each in her peculiar way. A second afterward,  
we, of one accord, felt ashamed of ourselves,  
and tried to cheer the men up.

"At length Will, with all the impetuosity of  
youth, moved that three of them, himself one  
of the number, should compose an advance  
guard, and if the party were small they could  
quickly annihilate them.

"At this proposal old Zeb laughed and said,  
in his demure way:

"Jest you do nothin' of the kind, Mr. Will.  
Ef you want to die, go, and ef you don't, you  
kin p'raps live a little longer by stayin' with  
us. 'Cos I'll tell yeh why: them 'ere catamounts  
air very large in number, or else you bet your  
bottom dollars they wouldn't be so impertinent.  
Now, take the advice of old Zeb, who was once as  
sprightly as ye air, and jest as headstrong."  
Having delivered this long address (for him)  
he folded his arms and surveyed his compatriots  
as they decided.

"Will felt a little nettled at this pointed ad-  
vice so freely given, and his voice was a little  
loud, as he said:

"With all due respect for your knowledge,  
Zeb, allow me to have the disposition of my  
own self. Besides, I don't see what good we  
can all do together, with the Indians coming  
straight down on us. I for one don't want to  
die without a struggle, and as he said this, how  
brave and handsome Will looked to me—his  
bride of not two months—you can hardly guess.

"His speech had the effect of bringing an-  
other man to his side, who thought the same  
way.

"Then, in a twinkling, they were ready to  
go, notwithstanding we—Will's companion's  
wife and myself—strove all in our power to  
keep them. Perhaps I was a little selfish when  
I thought that he would sacrifice his life foolishly.  
I held on to him, unwilling to let him go—  
something telling me he would never return!  
All in vain. He shook me off, as I thought,  
roughly, but imprinting a kiss on my cheek, as  
I sunk back in the wagon overcome with grief.

"So the night waned, and morning came, a  
beautiful day to those who could enjoy it, but I  
could not.

"Breakfast was prepared, but I could not eat  
—thinking of nothing but my Will, the hand-  
somest and strongest among them all. If they  
were successful, we could look out for them any  
minute. But they came not, and by order of  
one of the guides, the oxen were hitched to the  
wagon, and we commenced our weary journey  
again—not without a hope of coming up to our  
dear ones 'gone before.'

"With the end of the day our journey was to  
come to an end, and so we set out a little re-  
conciled at the thought.

"So the hours passed, and at dinner-time the  
oxen were taken out, and fed and rested, while  
we ate our dinner—still no trace of our loved  
ones. But who knew what the day might bring  
forth? Of a naturally sanguine disposition I  
was not without my hopes, though I could not  
shake off a presentiment that breathed 'de-  
spair.'

"After dinner the oxen were again hitched to  
the wagon, and off we started.

"We had traveled some hours, for the sun  
was already sinking, when we came to a dead  
halt. For right ahead of us we could see a  
large fire—the smoke even reaching where we  
stood.

"That 'ere's a bad sign," said one of our  
guides, rough Joe Hildred, as his face wore a  
puzzled expression; "them 'ere painters (In-  
dians) are straight ahead nor us, and in large  
numbers, yer may bet, or they wouldn't be so  
devil-may-care. What's yer opinyun, Zeb?"

"Zeb said nothing, but shook his head. Then,  
a few minutes afterward, seeing that we ex-  
pected him to ventilate, he said, slowly:

"In my opinyun, Joe, I think ef we make a  
bee-line, we'll come straight out on the other  
side of 'em, for ef I knows any thing of them  
creeters, we kin beat 'em by a little strategy."

"So saying, Zeb mustered his four men, who  
went ahead of us, while we followed slowly,  
one of the boys driving.

"The gathering shade warned us of the ap-  
proach of night, and if we were to act, old Zeb  
decided to act at once, for he argued that from  
all appearances they were having a high old  
time, and we were entirely unexpected.

"After a few minutes' travel we stopped short  
and viewed the sight before us.

"Where we stood was the commencement of  
quite a hill, in the valley of which I saw what  
froze the blood in my veins. Two figures were  
bound to hastily-erected stakes, and though I  
could not distinguish the faces, intuitively I  
guessed who they were.

"Old Zeb Webb stood at my side, and I must  
have made a start, for he held me while he tried  
in his rough way to soothe me.

"But while he was talking I saw a torch ap-  
plied to the underbrush, and the flames shot up  
in the air. I screeched and darted forward, and  
as I did so a number of guns (from our party)  
rung on the air, taking advantage of my screech.

"Before the last gun had been fired I had  
cleared the little distance between me and my  
Will—thinking only of him.

"Alas! I looked on a charred body, out of  
which the soul had flown forever! With one  
despairing cry I fell to the ground, mercifully  
senseless.

"I awoke up three weeks afterward—having  
gone through all the terror of brain fever—in  
the block-house, which was originally our desti-  
nation. I could not remember any thing at first,  
but as I looked around me I saw old Zeb and a

couple of the women who had journeyed with  
us. I remembered all.

"I buried my face in my weakened hands,  
and as I did so old Zeb's voice broke on my  
ear, saying kindly:

"Don't take on so, girl; yer might be in  
wuss hands; don't die of grief after all the  
trubbil we've hed to fetch yer around."

"So the days passed, and I got better, though  
I wanted ever so much to die and end my  
misery; but the Lord thought otherwise, and  
my evil desires were not gratified.

"At last I asked to see a looking-glass, and  
reluctantly a small square was given, in which I  
saw reflected a wan face and hair as pure a white  
as I wear to-day, and I was only eighteen!

"By and by, when I got stronger, they told  
me how we got to the block-house.

"During the general melee that ensued, old  
Zeb Webb had disappeared, (by some process  
known to himself,) and before any serious harm  
had been done he was on the ground with the  
Government troops from the fort. It appears  
that there were two bodies of Indians—one of  
whom had burned the fort, and pursued the  
troops in our direction—coming on Zeb in the  
nick of time.

"Thus strengthened on both sides, the Indians  
were routed, and carrying my worse than life-  
less form before them, we entered the block-  
house.

"Poor Will's name wasn't mentioned once,  
but I could guess the worst, for the blackened  
body I saw was too surely dead.

"Since that time many years have passed,  
and time has somewhat assuaged my grief, but  
I shall always remember poor, unlucky, hand-  
some Will, who was 'burnt at the stake.'"

## Saturday Talk.

**First Use of Steam.**—It is still a debatable  
matter who was the first that suggested the use of  
steam as a motive power. All that is known as to  
this point may be comprised in a few sentences.  
Hero, a man of considerable attainments, who  
flourished in Alexandria, in the reign of Ptolemy  
Philadelphus, stands pre-eminent as the first who re-  
duced the power to a mechanical contrivance, of  
which he has given a description in one of his  
works. Still there is no account of Hero's applica-  
tion of steam to arts and manufactures, nor, indeed,  
any account of its power being applied to useful pur-  
poses, until the fifteenth century, when Mathesius,  
an ingenious writer, proposed to employ Hero's con-  
trivance to turn a spit. In the sixteenth century,  
Solomon de Caus, a French engineer, proposed to  
apply the elastic power of steam to raise water, and  
suggested a simple apparatus for the purpose, con-  
sisting of a boiler fixed over a fire, having a stand-  
pipe fixed in the top of the boiler; its lower ex-  
tremity terminating near the bottom of the water,  
and its upper extremity carried some height above  
the top of the boiler. The elastic force of steam be-  
ing raised by the fire, passed upon the surface of the  
water, and caused a jet to descend from the upper  
extremity of the pipe. The same principle is de-  
scribed in a work published by the Marquis of Wor-  
cester, in 1683, entitled "A Century of the Names  
and Scantlings of Inventions," in which he describes  
a method of employing the power of steam to raise  
water. Scotland seems to be entitled, however, to  
the honor of having first reduced steam power to  
navigation in a practical manner, although France  
and England each claim the merit of having made the  
suggestion that would naturally lead to the result  
mentioned.

**The Flight of Birds.**—Spallanzani found that  
the swallow can fly at the rate of ninety-two miles  
an hour, and he computes the rapidity of the swift  
to be not less than two hundred and fifty miles an  
hour. If it can move at this rate even for a short  
distance, the swift must be ranked as the swiftest of  
birds. The common crow can make about twenty-  
five miles, the elder duck ninety miles, the eagle one  
hundred and forty miles, the hawk and many other  
birds one hundred and fifty miles per hour. The  
flight of migratory birds does not probably exceed  
fifty miles within the hour. A falcon belonging to  
Henry IV. of France, escaped from Fontainebleau  
and was found at Malta, having made at least one  
thousand five hundred and thirty miles within  
twenty-four hours. Sir John Ross, on the sixth of  
October, 1850, dispatched from Assistance Bay two  
young carrier pigeons, and on Oct. 13th one of  
them reached its dove-cot in Ayrshire, Scotland.  
The direct distance being about two thousand miles,  
the speed was comparatively slow. Birds whose  
flights have excited astonishment have been in most  
instances assisted by aerial currents moving in the  
same direction.

**Another Relic of the Giants.**—Another  
relic of the days of the giants was recently dug from  
one of the mounds near Vasa, Minnesota, in the  
shape of a huge stone ax, which can scarcely be  
wielded with both hands. The ax was found buried  
with a skeleton of gigantic size, which crumbled to  
pieces on being dug up. If this was a battle-ax,  
there must have been giants in those days to have  
wielded them. A Minnesota paper, commenting on  
the size of the skeleton and the ax, says: "It is a  
good thing these mound-builders disappeared before  
our State was settled. If they had still continued  
cracking skulls with such terrible weapons, 'old  
settlers' would have had hard work to settle the  
State."

**A Famous Ship.**—Hiero, king of Syracuse,  
built a ship, which, in several points, may have sur-  
passed some of our modern floating palaces. The  
celebrated geometer Archimedes superintended the  
construction. It had only twenty banks of oars;  
but we can gain a better idea of the size of this ship,  
as compared with those common in that age, from  
the fact that the timber for it would have been suf-  
ficient for sixty triremes—the most common ships of  
war, with three banks of oars. Various kinds of  
wood, and other articles for finishing, were brought  
from Gaul, Spain and Italy. The floors of several of  
the rooms were composed of all kinds of stones in-  
laid; and on this mosaic the whole story of the Iliad  
was depicted in a marvelous manner. "In the fur-  
niture, the ceilings, and the doors, everything," says  
the historian, "was finished in the same admirable  
manner." Then there was a gymnasium, and walks,  
and a garden with all sorts of plants, and a temple  
with a floor of agate and other most beautiful stones,  
and with doors of citron wood and ivory, while the  
adornment was completed with pictures and statues.  
The drawing-rooms and bathing-rooms were beauti-  
fully variegated with Tauromenian marble. The ar-  
rangements for various kinds of freight and for en-  
gines of war were ample. They put on board sixty  
thousand measures of corn, ten thousand jars of  
Sicilian salt fish, twenty thousand talents' weight of  
wool—nearly six hundred tons—and of other cargo  
twenty thousand talents' weight also. Besides this,  
there were provisions for the crew.



## Cruiser Crusoe: OR, LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

### NUMBER SEVEN.

I STOOD for a moment, held motionless with such horror and astonishment as one might feel at seeing the evil one.

I looked round for the hunter; but, seeing no person, I took a survey of the weapon. It was a long, slender reed, like a spear at the end.

Now I thought I heard an approaching step. I darted to some bushes, and, crouching down, letting go my hold of my gun, I clasped my two hands round the dog's nose, by main force and signs keeping him from barking.

Then I saw a man advance to the spot where the bird lay and pick it up.

Despite my precautions, the dog gave a low, savage growl. The man, or rather the savage—for such he was—turned quickly and faced in our direction. Then, sitting down upon his haunches, he affixed both feet to the middle of the cross-bow he carried, and bent back the string to a notch.

Then he took a fresh arrow, which doubtless was poisoned, and fixed it in the groove. So light was the reed, he had to stick it on with gum to prevent its blowing away. Then rising, he listened attentively, while his eyes examined the tops of the bushes to see if they moved.

For a moment he seemed inclined to come my way, in which case he would, most assuredly, have died.

My brow was contracted, my heart beat violently, and I was determined to sell my life dearly. He, however, changed his mind, turning in the direction whence he had come.

The relief was great. At my topmost speed I hurried back to my cave.

Then carefully examining the pitfall, I entered my intrenchments, and renewed the priming of my guns. Passing on into my cave, I secured, by means of a stout cord, my dog in my bedroom, and there left him to himself, with a pile of bones to gnaw.

Should I remain where I was, or should I go forth to examine the real state of the case?

I decided on the latter course.

Gaining the upper rocks, which towered even over the tall trees which surrounded my pool, I examined, with my telescope, the smaller portion of my island.

I saw, in the direction of the woods, a column of smoke. It was thus evident that the savages were there in numbers, though with what intention I could not imagine.

I had armed myself with pistols fastened to my belt, sword at my side, and two guns loaded with ball placed on my shoulders.

Thus accoutered, I advanced cautiously and steadily. Just as evening was falling, the first grove of trees in the wooded district was reached. Then came a dense forest-track, through which I made my way with some difficulty. Suddenly an open space appeared before me, when I was able to distinguish the intruders. They were not real negroes, as I might naturally have expected, but a tribe akin to that race. They were very tall, strongly built, and well made, naked, with the exception of some kind of an apron made of the skin of wild-cat or tiger. Their teeth were filed, and in some places blackened, which added to their ferocious aspect. Their woolly hair was drawn out into long, thin plaits, to the ends of which were strung white beads, or copper and iron rings.

Some had feather caps, some, long cues of their own hair, mixed with tow, dyed black, which gave them a most wild and grotesque appearance. They were armed with long spears or lances, while on the left arm hung shields, which I afterward discovered were made from elephant-hide—that is, from the back of an old elephant, which, being dried and smoked, is as hard and impenetrable as iron. They had women with them, not as well dressed as the men, and much uglier. They, too, had their teeth filed, and carried their younger children on their backs in slings. They, as well as the men, were tattooed, especially on the breast and stomach. They had already commenced collecting bamboos and stakes, for the purpose of erecting their huts, which some of the women were doing in an ingenious manner. Their canoes, too, of various sizes, were drawn up on a river-beach beyond. These preparations seemed terrible to me, as they betokened an intention to make a long stay on the island.

My heart sunk within me, and scarcely taking precaution in my hurry, I ran in the direction of the larger and more fertile portion of the island. After running at least a quarter of an hour in the dark, I was obliged, burdened as I was with arms, to lie down and rest. Suddenly hearing voices ahead of me, I again rose and took to flight, until I suddenly found myself up to my waist in water. Casting up my glance, I saw that I was in a mangrove swamp. The mangrove is indeed a most singular tree, a native of the East Indies, and of most tropical parts, where it grows in swampy situations on the coast, and even penetrates to within low-water

mark of the sea. It attains the height of forty or fifty feet, and is an evergreen.

One of the great singularities of this tree is, that the seeds begin to germinate and send out roots while they are yet attached to the parent branches.

The tree is propagated by the roots descending and fixing themselves in the earth. Crawling on, by means of placing my two guns on one shoulder, I caught the huge limb of a gnarled root, and thus reached the parent stem, which, fortunately for me, was of immense size, and hollow. Into the hollow I crouched, listening, but now hearing no human voice. Through the partial darkness I could distinguish myriads of fire-flies, flashing all around me. As a natural consequence of anxiety and watching, my throat became parched, my lips dry, my whole frame burning. With a half cocoa-nut shell, which I had brought with me, I stooped low to reach the water. Just under the roots was a black mass, apparently a trunk which had fallen. On this I trod hastily. As I did so, it glided clear away from me, so that I fell headlong into the slimy pool.

It was a huge old alligator, which had taken up its quarters for the night, that I had disturbed!

I caught at one of the roots and hastily drew myself back into my hollow. Ere long the heavy vapor which rose from the dead leaves, weeds, and stagnant pools made me feel torpid. I fell into a heavy slumber.

It was morning when I waked, to hear the sound of human voices at no great distance. Then I beheld, in the dim distance, a body of about fifteen warriors armed with bows, shields and spears, approaching me. I was seized with so sudden a panic that I fled, leaving my guns behind me. Wading through slime and mud, grasping the roots to aid me, I succeeded in reaching dry land. Feeling unable to proceed further, I climbed a tree, the branches of which nearly touched the ground, and crouching

to drag him into the cave, and tie him up; my next to ignite a piece of rope, which burned slowly like a fuse-match. Then I returned to the veranda, opened the pans of all my guns that were tied to the wall, emptied fresh powder into them, and laid a train.

The cries of the savages were now very distinct. It appeared to me that they were chasing something.

Now the clouds broke, and the treacherous moon burst forth, when the cries of the savages just outside my inclosure, were heard as they halted.

Every gun was pointed straight at the opening. A dead silence ensued. The savages were searching for the path. A shrill kind of war-whoop soon proclaimed their success. Two minutes, which seemed an hour, passed, and then half a dozen savages peered from the opening across the pitfall, as if surveying my habitation and seeking some way to cross. My lighted rope was at once used, when a flash that almost blinded me was followed by a tremendous report, and such a succession of shrieks and yells as seemed to reach from the very roof of the heavens. When the smoke cleared, nothing was to be seen, while I could hear the terror-stricken and frightened savages calling to one another in piteous, bewailing tones. In a few minutes all was still, when I believed myself again alone.

As may be imagined, I passed a restless night. Next morning, on making an examination, I could see nothing of those at whom I had fired. In my search, I finally reached the sea-shore, when I beheld an unexpected sight—one of the loveliest Indian girls I had ever imagined. There she was, in a small canoe, paddling away from land.

I rushed into the water, calling to her to come back; but she turned only once, and saying something I could not understand, was carried by the current along the island, out of my sight, to the eastward. I walked away, my course lead-



where the huge boughs spread out, waited the event. My pistols were primed, and I nerved myself for action.

The savages, however, not seeming to have any intentions of attacking me, passed and disappeared ere I had recovered myself.

It was evident that they had not seen me. Fearing that the finding of my guns, left in the hollow tree, would lead to the discovery of my presence on the island, I returned for them, and finally, with the aid of the stimulating brandy I carried in a flask at my side, I succeeded in getting back to my cave.

Entering and letting loose my dog, the animal nearly knocked me down in the exuberance of his joy.

I took a good piece of meat and put it on to broil in my copper box, which, kept carefully clean, served me as a kettle. Then I bathed my feet, which were piteous to see, so torn and swollen were they.

All this time my mind ran on the strange and terrible visitors of my island. Sometimes, I thought they must only be a hunting-party, and would soon leave the place. Having eaten my meal, I fell into a deep, refreshing slumber. When I waked, it was marvelous how well I felt—thanks to a good constitution.

Feeling no longer sleepy, I went out upon a rude veranda I had erected near the mouth of my cave, not far from my battery, and glanced round me. It was night, and stillness hung over all nature, save now and then when a tree waved beneath the balmy wind. My weapons were all ready and at hand, my pistols in my belt, and my double-barreled gun heavily loaded. I hoped, however, that I might never have occasion to use this formidable array of guns.

Suddenly my dog gave a low growl. I listened attentively, and at a distance could distinguish the sound of human voices. They were coming my way.

I was very calm and determined, feeling that the moment for action was come. Catching my dog by his rude collar of rope, my first act was

ing me beyond the pitfall, when I sat down to rest.

Somehow, the melancholy reality of my situation now broke upon me with ten-fold force than ever. A sense of utter loneliness fell upon me, as once again I rose to my feet. My dog was beside me. The faithful animal looked up into my face with an anxious glance, as if reproaching me for the scalding tears I was shedding.

"No, I am not alone—my brave Tiger," I said, patting him on the head, as my steps were turned once more toward the cavern, within which the whole of that day was spent in idleness. My courage was gone for the moment. Work, amusement, all were distasteful to me.

For some time I lay looking up at the lofty roof.

Next day I was no more reconciled to my lot than on the previous night, so, after breakfast, taking with me a supply of food, I sallied forth.

My appearance was grotesque enough. From my belt hung a powder-horn, shot-bag and sword; pistols were thrust into it; to a thong were attached my flask of brandy and my gourd of water; on my head was a common cap shaded by palm-leaves; while on each shoulder was a gun.

Soon I beheld what had escaped my observation in the faint light of breaking day, and afterward in the gloom of eventide: the mark of blood along my pathway, and for a considerable distance, showing me that several of the savages had been wounded, which was provoking, as the discovery of the leaden bullets might remove the supernatural aspect of the event.

On reflection, I resolved to leave at home my dog, which, otherwise, might betray me.

My preparations were now made in the expectation of a several days' exploring expedition. My plan was to advance slowly and cautiously, peering carefully into woods and valleys, lest I might be surprised by the savages.

## Taps from Beat Time.

[BEAT TIME will make his mark on the journalism of the day, and will win for himself and this paper (for which he writes exclusively) an enviable reputation. Our cotemporaries of the press are at liberty to reprint from this column, by giving explicit credit to both author and SATURDAY JOURNAL.]

### PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR: I came to this hotel to get bed and board, but am sorry to say I am getting bored and bled; yea, I have been thoroughly drilled in the ology of bed-bugs—which they keep here similar in shape and relative in size to soft-shell turtles. I have cultivated long fingernails since I have been here, so that I more easily can nail them and bring them to the scratch.

I have stood upon the battle-field—after a battle—and have faced lions—in cages—but I would rather do either again than set myself up once against these things.

I have been led to conclude that they are a hum-bug, without any utility in the divine plan, and are hardly likely to increase a man's religious propensities.

For awhile I amused myself by catching them by the hind-legs and throwing them out on the floor to hear them smash; but the lodger underneath complained of the racket, and I had to desist.

They tickle so when they crawl over you; but I fool them sometimes, for I roll over on them on a sudden. They will stick to you till death doth you part, and will give you the last bite they have got. I have seen some with boots on, and one with a pair of pants. The more you kill, the more comes. I wish the landlord would keep them for family use only. I have frequently felt them roll me over to get at a fresh side. Since I have been here, I have lost much sleep and many pounds, and my cry is for blood.

When you light a candle, you find them very active on a retreat in getting under cover.

I have often laid down on one—thinking it was a pillow.

You ought to hear them whistle. I frequently gather up their corpses in the mornings; they will go in a wooden bucket.

Last night I tried the expedient of putting one in a wire rat-trap, but he gnawed out before morning. In the morning they quit biting.

Mr. Editor, I send you one of these bugs in a pine box, as a specimen. You will find he is an old fellow, as on his shell, which is quite hard, is carved in large figures 1492; and antiquarians here pronounce him to be one brought over with Columbus. Three of us put him in the box.

Don't let him out, for I won't stand as a recommendation for his character.

Am I not right in saying this hotel is a little bug-gy?

### QUICK TAPS.

AVOID disputing with a man on his own grounds, for he may take a fence at you and rail.

DEAL gently with cards—if you be a sailor, be no champion of the deck, nor be tied to the stakes.

A WISE man will keep his own counsel—a foolish man will hire one.

BE shrewd and you will be happy. This is a rule that won't work well in both senses.

DON'T believe what you hear, all that you see, nor half what you think.

DON'T let your tongue run like a double-barreled sewing-machine against your neighbor—this mode of making a man feel flat is the very worst kind of flattery.

REMEMBER every dog has its day, and that the first of April lasts a long time with some of us.

If your landlady's butter is strong and hearty, don't spread it on too thick by speaking of it—it is old enough to speak for itself.

If her bread hadn't good bringing up, make no unnecessary cuts at it, lest she get crusty.

If the chicken is tough and vigorous, have reverence for old age and treat it with tenderness.

BEFORE you die you will probably meet one man who don't know as much as you do; but treat him with charity, even though he be a Congressman.

If a young maiden give you a buss, set yourself down as a buster—if an old maiden refuse you a buss, set yourself down as busted.

SHAKE warm hands on Sunday, but don't shake cold fists on Monday.

DON'T get mad if a man says he thinks you are a fool, for his mind may be probably only half-right.

NEVER get shaved and then ask the barber to let your face stand for it. I tried it once and the barber said he couldn't countenance such an action.

I WOULDN'T give the north-east corner of a plug of tobacco for a man who hasn't magnanimity enough to put on a clean shirt once a month.

If you promise to pay a man, stick to your promise, if you don't pay him. Keep well posted, even if it has to be a lamp-post.

HAVE no more friends than you can keep watch on conveniently.

BEAT TIME.